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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

THE RIGHT OF RUDENESS

IT was once the highest compliment to say, "That man's a born gentleman." Is it now becoming our *beau idéal* to say, "That man's a born cad!" Or is it simply that our ideas of what a gentleman is and is not have changed? With the breakdown of the thousand and one little etiquettes of social custom among women, it obviously bores them to have to put up with vestigial gallantry in their male attendants. To meet their increasingly bold exterior they must demand increasingly bold cavaliers. To be sure, it was Maria Edgeworth who, in 1801, pictured one of the rudest women in fiction, Lady Delacour, adopting masculine habit and fighting a duel; yet it is difficult to imagine that strenuous dictator of society surviving a modern ball without generous use of smelling salts.

Yes, "gentleness" is passé. It vanished with the last memories of Queen Victoria. A gentlewoman is old fashioned. A gentleman is effeminate. Find, if you can, any human being ruder than one of the season's débutantes; and you had only to attend one of the great autumn football games to know to what a perfection of rudeness the college student has attained. The rudeness of current novels is self evident. "Revelry" is only a passing example. The rudeness of current biography is worse than mere rudeness, it approaches libel. We have laws covering libel; but do they adequately define at what point rudeness is punishable by the courts?

If anyone is of a sensitive temperament and does not enjoy being insulted, the only method of avoiding it these days is to stay at home and do knitting. We are living, they tell us, in an age of strong individualism. We act as we please. We speak our minds aloud. We laugh at social convention. We parade our inmost thought in the pages of the popular magazines. Our babies are born to the tune of publicity, and our friends look in at our bedroom windows. We have no privacy, and we do not want it, for we have no reticence. What is the result? One of two things. Either we shall return so rapidly to conventionality that the very apostles of freedom themselves will pay their dinner calls

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punctiliously, or we shall find ourselves in total social bankruptcy. The policeman on the corner now has far better manners than little brother from Yale. Soon the taxi drivers will be the real gentlemen of America, and the bankers the most exquisite of boors. At such a point society will, indeed, be reversed, and its *sine qua non* complete, absolute, unadulterated rudeness. At such a point, even the most conservative of us would be tempted to welcome a Lenin.

LECTURE AUDIENCES

THE simplest way for a literary lecturer to gain applause from an American audience is to shout for conservative writing, and ridicule the moderns. Now this is interesting, but not hopeful; for it is a complete paradox. Listening to a brilliant, shrewd analysis of the development of the modern novel delivered by Hugh Walpole in New York not long ago, one heard a sound of almost physical gratification from the ladies of the assembly at the mere mention of the name of Robert Louis Stevenson. Well and good! This is a sound, and nothing but a sound. It is the sigh anyone might hear from the lips of a beautiful lady remembering with sentimentality a past love. Applause for the memory of Sir Walter Scott, too: but do they read Scott?

Floyd Dell relates that one of the high points of his current lecture is his reading of the radical poems of E. E. Cummings. He laughs at Cummings and the audience laughs with him; but the only result is that the ladies flock up and ask him where they can get the book. We wear our conservatism these days as if it were our grandmother's wedding dress, something to be exhibited on rare occasions at fancy dress balls, and to be packed in the linen chest with a scent of lavender or even of moth balls. If we do read the more conservative of the current novels, we discuss James Joyce. We may lift our eyebrows, but we talk just the same. We may enjoy "Broadway", but our real titillation comes from shrieks of horror over "The Captive". We spend our lives looking for a new shock over which to protest, about which we may whisper at the bridge table and seem a little wiser than our commonplace husband who says he doesn't know what it's all about. Why are the men turning to war fiction, when once they read the western story? They have perhaps ceased to believe in the west; but they find in the honest-to-God stories of the war a place where they can lose themselves in a contemplation of the flesh and blood verities of life.

Radical literature could not flourish for a moment if it were supported only by the batiked denizens of Bohemia. Parlor free verse is as dangerous as parlor Bolshevism, and as dilute in its appreciation of values. Oh, for someone who reads honestly because he honestly enjoys reading! After a week spent in the chaos of modern fiction, what a relief to turn to a good straightforward yarn like "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd", to an exquisite fantasy like "The Orphan Angel", a compelling character portrait like "Harmer John". After all, some time in the future, when Hugh Walpole's grand nephew addresses a New York audience, he will probably mention the name of James Joyce with reverence, telling the story of that great man's struggle with poverty and eye strain. And the ladies of the age will emit the sentimental sigh of memory, for he will

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have become, perhaps, the Robert Louis Stevenson of our century. Who knows?

RELIGION STILL LIVES

AMERICANS are still interested in religion. That is the sum of what the headlines tell us about the recent survey conducted by 150 newspapers in every part of the country. It hardly needed a survey to tell us as much, but since the statistics are at hand, the claim of the preachers is thoroughly vindicated. The sweep of irreligion which has virtually engulfed the land during the past few years has left the faithful panting in despair on various Ararats and sending out doves to see if there is any hope of the waters' subsiding. The doves have returned. The land is not given over to unbelief — at least not so much as we once feared.

About the chief difference between our age and the others is that unbelief is more reputable than it once was. Assumption once had it that one who impugned Christian dogma was both a lecher and unhappy. Paine and others were cited as examples. All that is past. Because of our new tolerance in matters of faith, religionists have feared that all men were gradually slipping over to the world, the flesh, and the devil. Their fears were not well founded. The majority of men are, as we have often been told, incurably religious and no therapeutic need be feared. The remainder of men are spasmodically religious, and they persist in an academic interest in religion long after their more vital interests have died out. Both classes remain alert to religion as a method of explaining cosmic phenomena, and whether they rant for it or rail against it, their passion for it abides.

This, it seems to us, is all the church should need to know. It is not as though the American were no more alive to religion than he is to the European debt question. It is clear that the church has its problems of adjustment, that it must find its modern message and make it more articulate than it has hitherto done. As long as men live, they will have some form of religion, if it be no more than a lodge. It is the business of the church simply to make it adopt a form a trifle more beautiful and significant. In fact, the church will do well if it will cease assuming the depravity of man and merely utilize and direct the religion which dwells unshakably in the human race.

FIG LEAF CULTURE

ADULT education moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. If the movement has done nothing more, it has at least given us a sense of shame. We have tasted of the tree of knowledge and, instead of suffering, we have seen that the fruit thereof was good. So it is that we now witness a mad scramble on the part of the populace to hide its intellectual nudity, and from every magazine exhortations leap out at us, urging us to add a few more fig leaves.

"It's wonderful the way Gray quotes poetry and philosophy", says one advertisement. "I happen to know he's a very busy man and I don't see how he gets the time." It turns out that Gray doesn't go wading through the old masters but avails himself of brief excerpts from literature compiled especially for such busy men. Again:

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"There was an awkward pause in the dinner conversation, when suddenly the good looking young man whom nobody but the hostess knew inquired, 'Do you think capital punishment will ever be abolished? Do you know what Victor Hugo says about capital punishment?'" And in all instances we are reminded that, "They looked at him in amazement. Did he know *everything?*"

So it goes. Once upon a time one had to dance to get into society. Now one has to know the philosophy of Tiglath-Pileser. The result could not be other than what it is: a growing race of bores and pedants hopping about the drawing room in fig leaves. Out of it all, however, we may in due time evolve a race of brilliant plumage or topcoats; and if the enticing offers of canned culture do no more than make us aware of our inadequacy, they are well worth printing.

A WORD FOR WASHINGTON

WE feel that someone really ought to say a good word for Washington this month. We should at the very least be grateful to him for a holiday. Time was when a kind word in defense of the stately Father would have been malapropos. But now that Hughes and Woodward have set him in an unexpected position, a few words of condonement may not be out of place.

Let it be noted that the real malefactors were those who placed President Washington on such impossible heights. The biographers have merely pointed the humanity of the fellow. This would have been a work of supererogation if certain individuals and generations had not taken liberties with him before. The minister who started the truth myth achieved little good and considerable harm by foisting a lie upon the Republic for a hundred or so years. Those who have regarded Washington as impeccable because he performed a needed task at a time when our history was doubtful, have done irreparable harm to our traditions and made disillusionment painful to an unnecessary degree.

It is most probable that Washington was a picturesque aristocrat, a man of admitted capabilities, a scholar and a gentleman and a judge of good whisky, as the phrase of an older day would put it. These qualities, coupled with the fact that we get a holiday in celebration of his birth, should be sufficient to win him American admiration. And, if there is any particular message that should be borne home to us on his birthday, it is this: Let us beware lest we throw too much glamour about certain commonplace statesmen of our own day.

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WRITING AS A CAREER *

By Mary Roberts Rinehart

OF all careers, that of professional writing probably has the most allure for the novice. Given a certain ability, it offers earning power comparatively early. It opens up possibilities of new and wide contacts. It permits self expression, that general and natural desire of all of us to assert ourselves as individuals. It may even lead to celebrity and fame.

In other professions one may work and achieve in obscurity or semi-obscurity, but the white light of publicity beams on the writer from the moment of first publication. To the beginner, filled with faith in himself, this promise of the centre of the stage is not daunting. It is only in later years and after wide experience that, like an old actress, he begins to worry about this searching glare. Even, only too often, to dread it.

But perhaps the most cogent reason of all is that writing looks easy.

The novice knows that others, apparently no better equipped than himself, have succeeded; that no prolonged courses of study are required; that no diploma need hang in his office and no state board pass on his qualifications. He is already familiar with the tools of the trade, these tools being more or less the words he uses every day, and he knows that the raw material on which he will use these tools lies all about him, in human beings, their actions and their motives; in life itself.

Small wonder then that the profession and art — it is both a profession and an art — appeals strongly. Here are the familiar tools and the material, and outside is that great mass of living, thinking and reading people which we call the public, ready to accept his product provided it pleases them. Ready even to acclaim him if his material is good enough. Contrary to the general belief, there are no writers starving in garrets today because their material is too good for general consumption. These small fictions are set up by the unsuccessful to save their own pride, and because we are a kindly and even a pitiful people we have allowed them to stand. Actually, so vast is the appetite today for the printed word, so wide its intellectual range, that there is no reason why any good writing, intelligently produced and skilfully marketed, should fail to find readers.

Roughly speaking, the so called literary career may be divided into two parts, writing and securing publication. I have already said that writing is both a profession and an art. But it is more than that; it is a business also. It always has been a business, from those days when the man of letters was obliged to search for and secure a patron for his book, to the present time when he must secure a publisher for it. There is nothing necessarily degrading or commercial in this angle of it. Only by manufacturing a marketable article and later on selling it does the writer become a writer. He has written for the public, and his first

* The third of a series of essays from a forthcoming book on careers edited by Edward L. Bernays.

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necessity is to reach it. It goes even further than that. There is no writer in the world who wants a small audience. He may scorn the monetary returns of wide popularity; he may even capitalize the smallness of his following by maintaining that he is writing over the heads of the general public. But the desire of every writer is to reach as many people as possible, to give his thought, precious or less precious as it may be, the largest possible circulation he can command.

Any other attitude is a hypocritical one. He must write, not necessarily what the public wants, but what it will read. He must realize from the beginning not only that there are definite limitations as to what it will read, but that the publications through which he hopes to reach that public have limitations of their own; that the apparently world-wide field from which he had hoped to draw his material has boundaries after all.

He may, usually does, resent these restrictions, but he must recognize them. The decadent, the morbid and neurotic, even the controversial, are not for him. By essaying any one of them he handicaps himself before he begins. Quite frankly, the novice has entered a highly competitive field, which is the manufacture of certain material and its sale to an ultimate market. This market is determined both by the quality of his output and by its acceptability.

What is professional writing? One might say that it is the ability to think or to observe, and to put the result of this thinking or that observation on paper for the benefit of the public. In non-creative writing such as journalistic work, essays and articles, the definition would be sufficient; in creative work such as poetry, fiction and play writing, it is insufficient.

Actually, all writing is creative in that it takes that which before was formless and gives it form. In this article, however, I am using it to designate those works which derive largely from the imagination: books, plays, short fiction and so on. Into all creative writing of this sort both imagination and feeling enter largely. To the ability to think or to observe and to put the results of these thoughts or observations on paper must be added the inward-turning vision of the novelist or the playwright.

Creative writing in this sense is almost entirely derived from the writer's inner life, that curious thing we call his imagination; a world in which his characters live and move and have their being, and of which at his best and easiest he is little more than a chronicler.

No training in the world will supply feeling or imagination. But the lack of them does not imply that writing as a career is closed. It does indicate, without reservation, that the imaginative fields of writing are forever beyond reach. There remain other fields, not perhaps so pleasant, yet yielding their own staple crops; the fields of the essayist, the biographer, the traveler, even the philosophic looker-on at life. And, bringing rather less of acclaim and reward but offering more latitude and an ever increasing demand for quality, there is the writing of editorials, special features, and news — all that vast amount of non-creative yet necessary and interesting material which fills our papers and magazines and is rapidly making the American people the best informed in the world.

Naturally, then, the type of mind of the aspirant must determine his choice of which branch he will follow. The critical, analytical mind should not essay creation; the dreamer of dreams is

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lost and unhappy in the workaday world of the journalist or the feature writer, or in the easy chair of the critic. Perhaps the first essential in the choice of a writing career is to realize one's limitations and then, within them, to do one's best. A small talent well used is better than a great one wasted.

And it should be remembered that no such choice, made early in the career, remains arbitrary later on. The creative faculty may not be evident at the start; there may be a late maturing, or it may require living and experience, the filling of the storehouse, before it can be tapped. The numbers of creative writers who have begun life as reporters and journalists is a case in point.

But with the choice, however made, there begins for the earnest worker a period of hard work, mental anguish, despair and disappointment that is hardly to be equaled in any other profession. Whether the writer succeeds or not depends entirely on his acceptance of these conditions. If he can bring high courage and perseverance to his aid, granting him ability to start with, he can hardly fail. If he considers each rejection a personal affront, if he will blame anything and everything but his own inexpertness for those rejections, he will fail, and it were better he had never made the attempt.

In this connection it may be well to refer to that strange shibboleth of the lay mind, inspiration. The author presumably goes about the ordinary business of life, eats, sleeps, and moves about much as other people. Then, every so often, he is seized by an attack of inspiration, as more ordinary people have indigestion, and forthwith he takes to his desk as do the others to their beds, there to remain until the paroxysm has passed.

There may be writers so inspired, just as there are people who lack pigment in the skin, but I know of none. The average writer goes to his desk as inspired as a dish of boiled turnips; while he is at work there may come, at long, long intervals, a feeling that he is writing better than he knew, and this is the nearest he comes to inspiration. Even that, brief as it is and seldom as it comes, is worth the blind plodding through which he has reached it. He does not call it inspiration; he does not call it anything. He does not know what it is. Perhaps for a little time he has achieved a perfect connection between his conscious and his subconscious mind, but that is all.

Writing; more writing; rewriting; revising again what has been written; and then with fear and humility submitting the results of all this labor — this is the lot, not only of the novice, but of the experienced author. Always to reach the moon and find one has grasped a piece of cheese. Never to be satisfied until one has done his best, and even then to despair over the difference between the aim and the final achievement.

Yet his compensation, when it comes, is enormous. Nothing brings such quick returns in friendliness and interest, and the novice's belief that the hand of the world is against him quickly dies when success appears.

As a matter of fact, his arrival is welcome, not only to a world which appears insatiable for the printed word, but also to editors and publishers.

Up to this time the new author has suffered from a number of disabilities.

(a) He has believed that he is unwelcome; that editors and publishers, and even the public, care only for the known name.

(b) He has suffered rejections which he often considers unjust, and the rea-

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sons for which do not accompany rejected manuscripts.

(c) He knows as yet nothing of the business of publishing nor of the policies of editors and book publishers.

The first of these has a basis of truth. Certain names, by reason of years of faithful labor, command instant attention from the editorial desk. More than that, the demand both from editors and publishers for these names in their publications is insistent. But the bearers of such names have also passed through a novitiate, suffered the same rejections and the same agonies of doubt, and only by dint of plodding labor and years of effort have reached their present place. If their product is not always of the highest grade it is usually dependable and skilful, and the recognition of these qualities has given them a following, a reading public.

As opposed to this, the new writer, provided he can write interesting and publishable material, is always in demand. He brings to his work a freshness and enthusiasm the old writer has long since lost. He has the vitality of youth. He has even more ideas; many a novice, commencing his career, is fairly confused by the seething masses of thoughts and ideas which clamor to be put on paper. It is clear that when he has achieved sufficient skill his market is ready for him. After all, the old writers must pass on and new ones must take their places. Instead of the new author's finding all doors closed in his face he will, if he has ability, in due time find that he is received with enthusiasm. Indeed, contrary to the general belief, so eager is the search for new names that in some publishing houses a bonus is paid to that reader who discovers a promising manuscript by a new writer.

The second disability, ignorance of the reasons inherent in his work which cause its rejection, is the one which he finds most discouraging. The average rejection slip is that and nothing more. Few publishers and fewer editors attempt constructive criticism. The fault indeed may not be in his work at all, but in the faulty choice of a market for it. It is distinctly possible for the novice to send a manuscript to a half dozen markets before he finds the one to which it is fitted.

But usually the fault lies in the material itself. The obvious reasons for its failure may be roughly listed as following:

(1) General inability to write.

(2) Poor choice of subject matter.

(3) Bad craftsmanship and hasty work.

(4) Lack of interest in handling.

(5) Unprofessional appearance of manuscript.

(6) Mistaken choice of market.

As will be seen, all but the first may easily be rectified.

The third disability, ignorance of the business of publishing and of the policies which control it, can be obviated only with time and experience. Briefly, magazines today, and it is to the magazines that he will make his first approach, are largely vehicles for the carrying of advertising. Some even stress this at the cost of reading matter, although there are others which throw the balance the other way. Naturally, since circulation means larger prices for advertising, material which will increase circulation by interesting the largest number of readers is in demand. Whether the new author approves or disapproves of this condition, it is one which he must face from the start.

When he, therefore, attempts to cater to the large circulation maga-

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zines, he must provide material of wide and general appeal. But even here, all other things being equal, he may meet rejection, and again his ignorance finds him at a loss. To avoid utter discouragement he should know that two other reasons related to the business of publishing may be operating against him:

(1) There may be material of a similar nature already on hand, or

(2) There may be a temporary exhaustion of the buying budget or, as in book publishing, already a full list.

As time goes on, however, these disabilities pass. The apprentice has learned that the urge to write is in itself insufficient; he has even learned to accept his rejections with a certain stoicism. During his early days it was his full conviction that could he only pass the readers and reach the editorial desk his ability would be recognized. Perhaps he even glued some of his pages lightly together, so that on the return of the manuscript he could know whether it had been read to the bitter end or not. He knows now that if the beginning was faulty it was not read to the end, or anywhere near it. In other words, the old story of not having to eat all of an egg to know it is bad.

It is a sad commentary on most of our aspiring new authors that out of the thousands of manuscripts received each week by the large magazines, hardly a dozen may finally reach editorial consideration. Not because they are too good, but because they are too bad.

The writer has likewise learned some of his own faults, and is working hard to rectify them. He is selecting his plots and themes carefully, rewriting and revising, and when his work is over he is sending out a manuscript which will not irritate the reader by its very appearance. His pages are numbered from the first to the last without regard to chapter divisions, and they are neatly typed on medium weight paper, carefully punctuated, margined and paragraphed. He sends them, not fastened together and not folded, in a strong envelope, and encloses a stamped and self addressed one for their return.

And he no longer asks some well known writer to beg consideration for his work. Or to read and criticize it before it is submitted to a market! (The desks of all established authors are littered with such manuscripts — revealing the ignorance of the senders as to the vast pressure of the successful writing career, and their ignorance, too, that authors are the worst possible critics of the work of others. The creative mind is seldom the analytical one.)

In other words, he is beginning to arrive. But those who imagine that this early success means any lessening of the writer's task have no conception of its difficulties or its discouragements. If the new author is of authentic material, he is never satisfied. He conceives great things, and gives birth only to words and yet more words. He is always following some elusive witch-light that leads him on but ever evades him. He knows that he will never reach it, yet he must go on. And he knows, too, that if he stops he will sink and be buried in the slough of smug contentment.

That writer who is satisfied is lost.

From the foregoing it will be seen that writing is not a career for the slothful. It requires, not only mental vigor and alertness, but considerable physical vitality. It taxes all the powers. The hours of confinement to the desk should be counterbalanced with sufficient bodily exercise. A sick

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body does not mean a clear brain.

Nor is it a filler in of idle hours. To write successfully is to sacrifice to it the best hours of the day and the best days of a lifetime.

Again, merely the urge to write does not guarantee ability to do so, nor does the necessity of earning quickly, nor the hope of earning easily, nor the fact that one can write a good letter, nor the encouragement of friends. Still less to be depended upon are the praise and high sounding letters of the harpies who prey on the ambitious by promising to place entirely hopeless manuscripts for a fee, or to publish worthless books if the author will bear one half of the expense.

There are legitimate correspondence schools and schools of writing. Some of the best of these are connected with colleges and universities, and the course is duly listed in the curriculum. They are extremely valuable in giving the aspirant his direction, in teaching form and in offering criticism of a high order. They do not so much claim to teach writing as to take those who can write and, by avoiding the pitfalls into which their ignorance may cast them, to direct their ability into useful channels.

There are also excellent literary agents and bureaus. But on the outskirts of this legitimate field, bringing the reliable ones into disrepute, are dozens of spurious ones. Their services are entirely worthless and their praise meaningless. They flourish on the easy vanity of the amateur and prosper on his money. Quite apart from the deliberate wickedness of this procedure, the real evil lies in the encouragement of the unfit to write, to abandon other work only to confront what is sure and certain failure.

The established publishing house bears all expense of publication and promotion, save in rare instances where a technical book may be involved, or highly expensive color plates are desired. Then by special arrangement — and only then — does the author assist in bearing costs.

But the delusion that writing is an easy road to success goes on. Young playwrights dash off plays overnight and have the temerity to ask managers to invest from fifteen to fifty thousand dollars in their production. Amateur scenario writers with no knowledge of the technique of the screen write a hasty synopsis for a picture which, if made, would cost a minimum of a hundred thousand dollars to produce.

Plays can be written. They are the product of special study of the drama, of the physical limitations of the stage, and of its requirements in time and space. They are painfully built, often over a period of years, and when successful are highly gratifying, from the standpoint both of fame and finance. But they require a particular knowledge and an instinct for what is dramatic, a sense of the theatre.

The author's place on the moving picture lot is yet to be found. The present tendency is toward the picturization of material published in other forms which will lend itself to the screen. Naturally, the attention of many new writers is in that direction, since they hope to be able to sell an idea, without the labor and experience required to turn it into story form. The number of such manuscripts purchased, however, is very small and is constantly growing less, as any study of the industry today will show. The difficulty apparently is to be traced not to the studios, but to inexpertness or ignorance on the part of the writers.

Yet both these fields remain open. The stage particularly offers every

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chance for a career in the best sense of the word, but the difficulty of obtaining the training required is not easy to overcome. There are a few excellent schools of playwriting, one of which, at Harvard University, is famous. If one lacks these facilities, the study of published modern plays for their construction and inevitability — that progress from scene to scene which brings about the dénouement — is very helpful.

So far I have stressed the writing career, rather than writing itself. But public curiosity as to writing is enormous. I know of no question more often put to the author than the one as to how he became one. How did you start? Did you just sit down and write? Did you always want to write?

Probably no one is more ignorant than the writer himself as to these very matters. The urge in him at the start, while present, may not have been very great. He just thought of something, he may say vaguely, and he thought he would put it down. He "put it down" and, without the slightest inkling, was started on a career. It is safe to say that very few of the mature men and women writing today definitely chose to be writers; there was less definiteness twenty or twenty five years ago, less thought of the career as an end and not a means. Most of them more or less drifted into the profession from something else, usually newspaper work.

For a time writing was merely supplementary to other work, and they held on to that other work until they were assured of definite incomes from what had been until then a side issue, subordinate to the real issue of earning a living.

I still believe that, even with a writing career firmly in view, this course is the safest. At the beginning free lance writing is most precarious, its returns are problematical in the extreme; and where the necessity for earning exists, the very fact that things must be written and sold operates against writing salable material. It is a vicious and hopeless circle.

On the other hand, professional writing is not an odd time job. So keen is the competition, so high has the standard gone, that even the best the writer has to give is not always good enough.

Yet to those who are standing at the crossroads, as most writers — especially men — eventually must, there is no other advice to be given. Each individual must of course solve his problem in his own way, but the practical answer for the majority will be to hold on to the certain work and the certain income until writing ability and earning power have been proved.

I have not space here to go into the matter of fine writing. Ideas change. What was fine writing of a generation or so ago seems to some of the reading public today prolix and rather artificial. It is a pity that this should happen, but we are dealing with facts as they exist and not as they should be. Perhaps the best literary art of any age is a worthwhile thought clearly told.

The best writing is not too good, even now. The average of intelligence is fairly high, and that fact must be accepted before one chooses writing as a career.

So far I have limited this discussion largely to the writer in relation to his work and to his market. But his market is only the means by which he reaches his public, and to that public he bears a relationship at once intimate and responsible. What he is will be reflected in his work; pose and hypocrisy are as inadequate to cover the real individual in writing as they are in daily life. If writing is to be his life work,

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he must do more than merely secure a following. He must hold it, and he can do this only by sincerity, hard work, and essential decency. He must deserve, not only its admiration but its respect.

There is every chance for the new author, provided he has ability and perseverance, to make writing a successful career. But while he can discover his ability only by the urge to write, the urge to write does not guarantee ability.

He will necessarily go through a period of rejections and depression. He would not attempt to paint a portrait without training and a long apprenticeship. In this early period he can receive little or no assistance from the outside. He must study his own failures and, having found his weakness, set about to rectify it. If he is fortunate he may be assisted by a reliable course at a good school or university. Lack of ability and slovenly work, wrong choice of subject matter and failure to find a proper market, are the most frequent causes of his failures.

Earning capacity is low at the beginning. Where earning is a necessity the apprenticeship is better served side by side with other work until the ability to earn has been demonstrated.

Failure with one market does not necessarily argue failure with all. Manuscripts may be submitted a number of times before they are accepted.

The praise of friends and the criticisms of other writers are as a rule entirely valueless. So also is influence with an editor or a publisher in securing acceptance.

Fear that a plot or story will be stolen is absurd in the extreme. If it is good enough to be pirated it is good enough to be accepted.

Undue arrogance and self confidence are handicaps. The new writer as well as the old must feel humility toward his work. It is always potentially higher than he is. And resentment, a sense of injury, in his early failures are absolutely destructive.

He has only one course to follow. He must write, so much a day, so many days a week. Only in this way can he bridge the gulf between conception and achievement, between thoughts and words. There is no more an easy road to writing than there is to architecture or medicine or law.

OLD MAN'S SONG

By Frederic Prokosch

THERE is a warmth come on me
That someone has let fall,
Thoughtless, on my cold shoulders:
It is a quiet shawl;
It is a touch of summer
That happened to caress
My winter snow; it is
Your tenderness.

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A PEOPLE'S VOICE

By James Waterman Wise

WHAT a strange figure the Jew must cut in the non-Jewish world. Essentially vain are the labored warnings of sociologists that groups must not be judged by individuals, and that in every group there can be found the same underlying characteristics, good and bad alike. Men still continue to individualize; men still personify. "The" German, "the" Frenchman, "the" Negro, are terms more common and more meaningful to us than the corresponding "Germans" or "the French people" or "the Negro race". Perhaps the *locus classicus* of this is to be found in the case of "the" Jew.

In many and diverse fields, in the realms of politics and literature, of æsthetics and economics, "the" Jew does not connote merely an easy and convenient way of phrasing the problems which arise from the presence of a Jewish group. The term has a larger and a profounder significance. It implies, even when it does not directly state, the existence of a recognizable, definite, almost unvarying element which stands out and must be reckoned with as a separate factor. Rightly or wrongly, Jews and their place in the world and its problems are individualized until, instead of dealing with Jews or with Jewish characteristics or with Jewish qualities, the world believes itself to be dealing with "the" Jew.

In itself, this individualizing is not a particularly important or serious fact. It represents a normal human tendency, found among Jews and non-Jews alike, to lump together unfamiliar and hence ill understood phenomena and to give them a comprehensive name. But in the case of the Jew, this tendency has a peculiar effect.

It matters little to millions of home loving Frenchmen that they are included by nine tenths of the inhabitants of the United States within a general category whose distinguishing features are degeneracy and immorality, or to the great majority of Englishmen that they are generally classified as stolid, unresponsive, and humorless. These blanket judgments, even when the individuals thus labeled are aware of them, are not disturbing. They are far off things, unrelated to their lives, unfounded opinions to which the individuals are naturally and happily insensitive. Physical distance does not so much lend enchantment as it leads to indifference. Frenchmen, Germans, Americans, can afford to be indifferent to the false conceptions regarding them held by other peoples. But Jews cannot.

For Jews do not live thousands of miles from such misconceptions. They are protected by no boundary lines, they are sheltered by no difference of language or of land. They live in the midst of these misconceptions. And these, instead of seeming amusing and unimportant slanders, ofttimes become a vital and determining factor in their daily lives. Often they constitute the underlying *Leit Motif* of all Jewish life and thought, with results that are sometimes comic, usually tragic, always unfortunate.

It is not necessary here to deal with

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the many reasons why Jews have not merged with the other elements in the populations of the lands in which they live, and thereby escaped the problem. For many reasons, because of inner as well as outer compulsions, they have not. And their problem remains. No other group of people is faced as is the Jewish group by an *idée fixe* concerning them in the minds of the majority of the people among whom they live. Germans need not interpret themselves aright to Frenchmen, Englishmen to Americans. They live among themselves, they take each other for granted, they are accepted by each other. Jews alone live under the constant necessity of justifying themselves, explaining themselves, to the world. Nor is it only to the world that Jews find it necessary to explain themselves.

"The" Jew is a spectre, clothed in the vestments of reality, not to non-Jews alone but to Jews as well. They have lived so long with it, it has come to play so important a part in their lives, that they take it seriously, they make it real by believing in it themselves. Yet realizing that the spectre is a distorted one, they labor under a bitter compulsion to rectify it, to make it more human, let us say, that others may see it and them as they really are, as well as for their own peace of mind. This compulsion, however, has not always existed. Jews have not always sought to justify themselves. There have been times when, although this spectre grew to unbelievable dimensions, and into an even grotesquer and more terrible shape than it at present assumes, the Jew was silent. There were no Jewish apologists during the inquisition. In the face of the black misunderstanding of the Middle Ages, Jews realized that speech would avail them no more than silence.

Nor are Jews, strange as it may sound today, a naturally subjective or self analytical people. Jews had never during their long history been given to much writing and thinking about themselves. Ascetic, monastic Christianity was far more subjective than Judaism had ever been. The analytical philosophizing of Greece and the Hellenic tradition of self scrutiny were foreign to the Jewish mind and soul. Even the casuistry and the dialectic of the Talmud and its commentaries were essentially objective and impersonal. With all the Jew's gifts of artistic and literary creativeness, there exists no authentic characterization or portrait of the Jew by himself. His energies have been directed elsewhere, while the legend of "the" Jew has been built up by others.

In fairness let it be noted that the legend is not altogether the creation of bitterness and hatred. It has a lighter side. Many of the finest spirits of the world have realized the pathetic absurdity of the current conception of "the" Jew, and some have tried to correct it. As opposed to Shylock and the Jew of Malta and Fagin, stand Nathan the Wise and Daniel Deronda and Rabbi Ben Ezra. These later literary creations have not, it is true, succeeded of their purpose. They have not displaced the older and, be it added, the more picturesque, misconceptions of the past. Indeed on the whole, they are almost as inaccurate and untrustworthy. "The" Jew portrayed as Jesus is no more typical of Jews than "the" Jew portrayed as Judas.

Jews know that this is so. They know today that the world has not judged them aright, either for good or evil. Instinctive self knowledge, combined with outer pressure, urges them on to show themselves to the world

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as they really are. And to do this they must first understand themselves. To thoughtful Jews, self knowledge through self analysis is not a delightful byproduct of leisured ease and intellectual ennui. It is a spiritual, at times even a biological, necessity; and it is this necessity and a certain tendency arising out of it which constitute an important and a novel trend in Jewish life and thought today.

Not all Jews have found it necessary to explain themselves to themselves and to the world. It is only for a little more than a hundred years that that necessity has been felt at all. And even during this period it has not been a common phenomenon. It has, however, become an increasingly important one. In a sense, it has come almost as a direct reaction to another tendency which, for a time, seemed to dominate Jewish life. That tendency might be described as unionist. It arose out of the feeling of great numbers of Jews, freed from both physical and spiritual ghettos, that they must lose themselves in the world about them, that their identity as Jews must be submerged in a common humanity which should include non-Jew and Jew alike. It arose out of their passionate resolution that the ghetto walls, which seemed to have been broken down, should never again be rebuilt.

Heine was typical of this tendency. Not only for material advantage did he seek to sever all ties with his people. Underlying his childish apostasy from one faith to another, both of which he despised, there lay a very real and serious purpose, namely, to destroy what seemed the remaining barrier between Jew and non-Jew. Few Jews took the same course of action that Heine took, although many shared his purpose; but still fewer realized as he ultimately did the futility of his own and of all similar attempts.

What Heine's genius enabled him, after some years of soul searching and of inner conflict, dimly to understand, is becoming after almost a hundred years a clearly understood problem with which many Jews find themselves confronted. In Heine's day it was mysterious and inexplicable because it was new and rare. Today it is so common an occurrence as to be almost the dominant note in the lives of countless Jews.

To phrase it awkwardly, it may be called the inescapableness of his Jewishness for the Jew. Inescapableness in more senses than one. For not only does this Jewishness, despite acts of tolerance and inter-racial committees on goodwill, continue to condition the Jew's life from without. It still colors and directs it from within as well. The generation of Jews who felt that by giving themselves to some art or calling, to science or to music or to literature, they could escape the pressure as well as the urge of their Jewishness, is dying out. Jews know better today. As one of them has put it, "Assimilation is bankrupt." The comedy of the Jew in spite of himself is no longer being enacted before a solely non-Jewish audience.

Not a few Jews begin their careers by a complete divorce from their background and their heritage, and those among them who having eyes will not see, and ears will not hear, may complete their careers so. But far more come to realize before long that such a divorce has not solved their problem. Particularly is this the case in the various fields of creative work. The interpreter, whether artist or worker, may forget his Jewish problem in his work. But to the Jew who creates,

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whether it be in law or literature, in politics or philosophy, there comes sooner or later the realization that his relation to the people and tradition from which he sprang deserves and demands more than a passing acknowledgment, whether of courtesy or of contempt. It is not so much a matter of the recognition of a moral duty as it is simple intellectual honesty in facing facts.

A people's voice — Disraeli and Freud and Einstein, Schnitzler and Wassermann and Lewisohn, Herzl and Nordau and Brandeis, and a host beside have heard it. Not one of them expected to meet the problem. All of them had thought to escape it, or had imagined it had no place in their lives. And all of them found themselves sadly, and then gloriously, mistaken. Whatever else they were, whatever else they might become, they learned that they were Jews, that only as Jews could they completely realize themselves.

Not only have Jews in all fields realized that neither the world nor their fellow Jews will allow them to forget their Jewishness. They have come to realize also that they are themselves intrinsically unable to forget it. And with the Jewish genius for adaptation they have begun to prepare spiritually and intellectually to meet the realization. Feeling that their Jewishness largely conditions and determines their work, their genius, their lives, they have increasingly seen the necessity of taking it into account as an important and vital factor, and dealing with it as such. For if, as they have come to feel, that Jewishness is really a determining part of their lives, an important element in their relation to the world without, it must first be understood by them and then made clear to others.

The realization of this necessity has taken many and very different forms. Included within it are what often seem to be antithetical, even irreconcilable, points of view. But it is the reasoning, the logic, that differs. The fundamental perception is the same. Claude Montefiore's conception of the Jew as an eternally appointed witness to certain religious truths and ideals ultimately to be realized in the complete harmony of Jewish and non-Jewish life, seems to bear little relation to the conception of those Jews who, like the author of "You Gentiles", hold that Jews and Gentiles represent two unalterably opposed, two irreconcilable racial protoplasms and cultural ideals. Yet both proponents derive their point of view from the same fundamental realization of their Jewishness.

Perhaps no result of this realization is of more importance than the effort of Jews to see and to portray Jewish life as it really is. When Jews in the fields of literature and the arts felt themselves unrelated to Jewish life, it did not so much matter to them that there was such a misconception abroad as "the" Jew. Their withers were unwrung. But as they have come to feel their relation not only to their Jewishness but even to this grotesque misconception, they have set themselves to changing it. Their efforts in this direction have been elementary, it is true. Sometimes they have been almost absurd, but they have been sincere. Perhaps there is no better example of this sense of relationship than the *volte-face* which Ludwig Lewisohn made in "Israel". After the bitter years of his unseemly efforts at assimilation, he came, as have so many others, to the realization that his Jewishness had meaning for both his outer and his inner life. And the epic

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of that realization is typical of the new will of the Jew to understand himself and his problem.

The inescapableness of their Jewishness! Hear what Schnitzler, archpriest of modernism and of revolt, says of a fellow Jew — and for himself: "There dawned within him some idea of this people's mysterious destiny, which always expressed itself in every one who sprang from the race, not less in those who tried to escape from that origin of theirs, as though it were a disgrace, a pain or a fairy tale that did not concern them at all, than in those who obstinately pointed back to it as though to a piece of destiny, an honour or an historical fact based on an immovable foundation." And then turn to a volume published within the last months, another profound spiritual autobiography, "I am a Woman — and a Jew". This is the testimony of its author, a woman utterly unrelated to Jewish activities of any kind, a woman happily married to a non-Jewish husband: "But now I knew that — what every Jew is and does, is something which must, indeed, belong to his people; that no other people living have our peculiar quality, which is not individual, but racial, and which gives to each of us who accomplishes with genius, the ability to express through himself only the accumulated genius of his race . . . the way our eyes see life, our minds thought, we discover through our Jewishness. . . . My husband is tenderly amused; he is an individualist and feels one is not, ever, part of a group. One is one's self. But not when one is a Jew. . . . I am that before everything. Perhaps not in my work or in my daily life. But in that inner self that cannot change, I belong to my people. My life is only a tiny atom of their long history." In that last sentence is summed up the new attitude of modern Jews, who are beginning to realize that their spiritual nostalgia cannot be cured by their flinging themselves into a million pursuits, from scientific research to social revolution, but that to end it they must begin by coming home to themselves.

The question may be raised as to what importance this subjective discovery by the Jew of his kinship with all Israel will have for the rest of the world. And the answer must frankly be made that while its immediate importance may be small, its ultimate import is bound to be great. For out of this change of heart toward things Jewish, the modern Jew is evolving a new attitude toward the world in general and toward his relation to it. Out of the effort to understand himself has already come the will to make others understand him; not to praise him nor to honor him nor to admire him, but simply to know and understand him.

This spiritual rediscovery will take many forms and it will vary greatly. For if it is true that Jews are united by a common underlying Jewishness, they are divided by almost everything else. Whatever unity there has been in Jewish life has never been marred by uniformity. Nor is it likely to be. Already two main tendencies have made themselves felt. It is impossible to take them up in detail here. But the one recognizes the inescapable Jewishness of the Jew and feels that it should be acknowledged and go side by side with the other main interests in his life. According to this view, his Jewishness and all that it may mean will go on as a separate and distinct though none the less powerful and informing element in the general life of the Jew. The other tendency looks

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toward a synthesis of the Jewish and the other elements in the life of the Jew, not such a synthesis as that which was vainly attempted during the nineteenth century, in which synthesis spelt surrender of all Jewish values, but a synthesis which shall consciously include as one of its most important elements that Jewish quality which seems to share with matter the inability either to be created or destroyed.

How these two tendencies will develop, and which of them will prevail, it is unnecessary at present to attempt to predict. Nor is it necessary to discuss the question as to the permanency of the realization of his inescapable Jewishness by the Jew. It may be that the time will come when the Jewish consciousness will disappear, when it will no longer affect the lives of Jews. Yet that time will not come in our day nor in the years immediately to follow. And until, if ever, it does come, there will remain the necessity which the Jew, the problem child of civilization, is just realizing, first of understanding himself and then of helping the world to see and understand him as he really is.

OF LONELY THINGS

By Charles Norman

ALONG with men in alleyways at night,
Standing in doorways smoking cigarettes,
And soldiers singing on the road to war;
Along with sleeping men upon dark wharves,
And lonely men in cafés reading papers;
Along with pockfaced beggars by church doors,
Along with memories of lonely things
Lighted by lanterns of the foreign lands,
My mind's uncertain shadow of the past
Contains an unobliterated ghost
Haunting the gateway to forgetfulness.

When slim girls smoothly walking, braceleted,
Perfumed and cool, go by with heavy men
Successfully important with small eyes,
I am aware that I remember you,
Whom love made beautiful, as one who died
So very long ago that it is vague;
Aware, sometimes, in my unquiet mind
There blossoms the pale petal of your face,
More tragic than the shadow on the world
Of that forlorn, grey lady, Loneliness,
Whose noiseless footfalls pace beside my own.

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ADVERTISING HIGH HATS ITSELF

By Helen Woodward

THE advertising man in the United States thinks himself somebody special. He is in a business swollen with pride and dollars, a faint relative to art and literature . . . a sort of step sister . . . and a still fainter relative to social service. He knows that he has an explosive influence on the mechanism of existence and the shaping of thought.

But when he goes to France he gets a shock, for he finds that there he is considered a rather low sort of thing — a Leopold Bloom to be sent around to the back door. In England he is a bit better, but not much. The advertising people in Swinnerton's "Young Felix" are on a painfully lower level than those in America. In Germany he feels happier, because its advertising is much like our own, except that the illustrations are better and there are nothing like so many billboards.

In going to England and to France we are in a curious way, laying out flat the history of advertising, playing a sort of Einstein trick with time, for England is where we were twenty five years ago and France where we were seventy five years ago.

Advertising did not spring Minerva-like out of the modern industrial system. It is as old as the sale and barter of goods. Sentimental advertising men are fond of pointing out that the song of birds is a sort of advertisement, but I think we can safely stick to the more technical side of the story. And we can dispense here with the ads on the walls of Rome, those of the alchemists of the Middle Ages, of "The Spectator" and of the sellers of gloves during the French Revolution. Advertising in the modern sense developed here in the United States. The Colonial merchants of the eighteenth century found it necessary to advertise their goods; they had news sense, for they never failed to announce the arrival of a ship bearing "sarsenet and cinnamon", and they did not hesitate to attack competitors, something which the modern advertiser considers bad business. There were advertisements of goods to be sold, of matrimonial opportunities, of inns and other obvious matters. By the middle of the nineteenth century, however, the country looked upon a more glorious sea of print. The newspapers were filled with the portents and promises of patent medicines. There still remained the matrimonial bureaus, small announcements of shops and plays, and, sporadically, the circus. But the big thing was the patent medicines, such wonder workers as Redding's Russia Salve and Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry. George P. Rowell, one of the first advertising agents, told a tale which shows how valuable advertising space was in the 1850's. In his local town paper there was an ad that ran from time to time, offering a certain house for sale. The house had been sold years before and the seller had moved to California, but the ad stood and was used as a space filler when other material was low.

Wild and woolly were some of the advertisements of the middle of the last century. In an amusing new book

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called "Trail Blazers of Advertising", the author tells of a cigar advertisement which ought to help the American Tobacco Company in its almost pathetic search for new copy ideas. This advertisement was made up of ten pictures. The first four showed an old blind man being run over by a trolley car, the caption under the fourth one reading, "The unfortunate blind man was reduced to fragments." The fifth showed the motorman having an inspiration and sticking a Chirrito Cigar into the mouth of the severed head. "Picture six was a big surprise. The mutilated man was again perfect and smoking with delight." The climax came in picture ten, where hordes threw themselves on the trolley tracks "so that they might be run down and so smoke free of charge the excellent Chirrito Cigars".

In that state the advertising business remained for two decades. But gradually a new kind of business appeared, which grew until in 1869 the most conspicuous feature of many newspapers was an entire first page filled (to quote Mr. Rowell) "with the sort of advertisements that appeal to weak men or to such as have acquired diseases through weaknesses more human than moral". This advertising was later augmented in the larger cities by innumerable announcements offering "massage" and other delicate pseudonyms for "human weaknesses". This kind of thing lasted until about 1910.

For an exact picture of it, look at any current cheap French funny paper. In the nineteenth century advertising was considered undignified in the United States, as it is in France today. Being considered undignified it naturally was so. Until recently solid concerns in France thought that advertising was a symptom of a sick business. Now, however, they are beginning to have Rotary Clubs in France and soon everything will be all right.

Anyway, toward the end of the last century advertising here was gaining in money if not in prestige. "Harper's Magazine" was started with the single purpose of advertising the firm's own books. No outside publicity was accepted. The Singer Sewing Machine Company offered $18,000 for the use of the back page for a year and was refused. But the pressure was too great and the management contemptuously turned over the whole of its advertising space for a small sum to a young man named J. Walter Thompson (his name still exists in one of the larger agencies). And young Thompson, whose advertising experience seems to have consisted in being with Farragut in the Civil War, triumphantly put his first ad in "Harper's Magazine". It sold jackstones and was enormously successful. Jackstones, dear younger generation, are little metal objects with which the most fascinating game of my childhood was played. In a few years the magazine bitterly regretted its long contract with the bright young man, for the space soon became very valuable.

But that time was not yet. In those coarse and simple days "The Delineator", whose annual income from advertising must now run into millions, gave all its advertising space to an ink maker in return for ink. And advertisers had to pursue the ink maker in search of a little space. All the magazines and all the newspapers had varying rates, as many European ones do today.

Meantime, there was billboard and street corner advertising. That, like Topsy, jes' grew. It was never born. There were sandwich men and advertisements on kites and signs on barns. James Whitcomb Riley painted many

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of these. It was all very old and disorganized — so old that in 1870 they were telling the story of the man who after climbing a mountain had himself lowered down a precipice where no human foot had ever trod, only to find himself face to face with the painted advertisement of a Boston clothing store.

Men wandered about like the advance agents of the circus and billposted towns for local products, painted signs for local people or, in some cases, for patent medicine concerns of national notoriety. I suppose the first organized billposting publicity was done for Barnum and for Buffalo Bill. Today this billposting is closely organized. Two or three companies do it all, billboard, street car, rocks and rills, all the read-as-you-run advertising.

And then along came the machine age; where fifty had bought your goods before, fifty thousand had to buy now. The little advertising owner of space in "Harper's" and the odd ink dealers began to look like bank directors and became the modern advertising agency. The modern advertising agency is supposed to know all about the human soul, about your product, the names of type, how to draw a picture, and what the dealer on your corner has for dinner. The most dignified concerns, even national banks, began to preen themselves in type. And so advertising is now a solid moral citizen talking enthusiastically about truth and ideals. I won't go into figures here. I think it is billions that are spent every year for advertising, but I am like the old lady at the lecture on astronomy. She arose aghast and interrupted the lecturer to demand, "Did you say the world was coming to an end in thirty four million years?" "No madam, I said thirty four billion." "Oh," the old lady sat down relieved, "I thought you said millions." Well, I'm like that old lady. The figures of modern advertising have no meaning for me. They are astronomical in dimension.

I'd rather look at it in concrete little ways. I know . . . or at least I think . . . that the Standard Sanitary Corporation and other bathroom manufacturers improved the bathing and sanitary conditions of the country. And unquestionably the advertising of breakfast foods has changed the breakfast habits of the nation. But you can't do the impossible. If the bread of America had been as good as the bread of Europe, the breakfast food people would have sung their song in vain.

For years merchants and manufacturers tried to sell only specific products on the printed page. But during the war a new grandeur arrived. It is known as "Institutional Advertising". It scorns any attempt to ask your patronage. It often hardly mentions the firm that wants your money. It is done for your good. It tells you something you want to know . . . or don't want to know . . . and trusts you to be so grateful that you will come to the advertiser in time of need. Some of this advertising is very able, indeed brilliant; some far fetched and absurd. If you want to know what has happened to American advertising in the last twenty five years, try to recall the Ayer's Sarsaparilla wisdom of your youth. Then look in your current magazine at the advertising of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The basic appeal is really the same, the modern method immeasurably more far sighted.

And now we've seen the shining outside, let us take our doll apart and look at some of the sawdust inside.

This is a process which the public seems to enjoy. I confess that when I

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wrote "Through Many Windows", I was sure that many advertising people would be angry and would resent the more or less harsh criticisms I made. And my publishers had something of the same feeling. To our amazement nothing of the sort happened. The absence of pretense on the part of advertising men in their attitude on the book is refreshing and encouraging. So let us give everybody a chance to be even more encouraging and refreshing.

There is a distressing story about a sentimental butter and egg man who used to say to the light ladies whom he supported, "Lie to me. Tell me you love me. Lie to me, kid." Now that is what in essence the public says to the advertiser. It supports the advertising, pays for it, and likes a little glamour for its money. It is pained when an advertiser tells the raw truth.

A few weeks ago the owner of one of the country's largest department stores spread a month's advertising before me and asked, "What do you think of it?"

It was excellent; except typographically, there was no real fault to be found with it. So I told him, and added in the language of the trade, "You have a fine combination of institutional copy and bargain talk."

To my surprise he looked disappointed. "I hoped you would say that we ought to cut out the bargain talk." And to my questioning air he added, "Because it isn't true and I'd like to stick to the truth. You know there can't be many bargains in the course of a year. If there are a dozen in one store, it's a miracle. The only bargains there are come from some bankruptcy or other disaster where goods are sold in odd lots. And every big store in the country is fighting for those odd lots. Why I should think any woman would know that there couldn't be all the bargains that we all advertise."

"Oh, they know all right", I assured him, "but they want to play the little game with themselves . . . they want an excuse to spend the money they ought not to spend and the bargain gives them an urgent excuse to do it at once. They are really grateful to you for giving them the excuse. Most people love to spend money; all they want is justification in their own minds."

He knew all I was telling him, but he was a disappointed idealist. He knew as well as I that his public would pass him by as Lazarus if he displayed unpleasant truth before its dreaming eyes.

I told him about an incident where truth with a small "t" defeated Truth with a capital "T". A few years ago the Hurley Washing Machine Company, whose president was Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, was having some difficulty in selling its machine. The company went to a large advertising agency in Chicago with its problem. Heavy conference. Serious faces. Cigars. Restless copy man wandering about looking at the machine and playing with it. "How is your machine different from the others?" "No different", the Hurley people told him. "It's just a first class machine that will do the work."

"Oh, that doesn't get us anywhere", said the copy man, impatiently. "It's got to be different. Say, what's this in here?"

"This in here" was the reversible motor which turned the clothes first one way and then another. "Other machines got it?" demanded the copy man, looking bright. "Sure." The Hurley officials were a little contemptuous of his ignorance of machinery.

"Well, never mind." The copy

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man was now aflame with creative fever. "I tell you. We'll take this reversible motor and call it the *Atlog*. *Atlog*. See? Buy the machine with the *Atlog*. Turns the clothes first one way then the other. Look for the *Atlog*."

"But the other machines have one too", objected the naive client. "Well, we don't have to say it, do we?" demanded the copy man. "We'll just act as though this were the only machine that had such a thing. First we'll copyright the word *Atlog*. And then we'll say, 'The only machine with the *Atlog*.' We won't say anything about reversible motors. Dumb things — reversible motors — no woman cares about such things."

The conference ended in jubilant admiration. "But where'd you get the name?" He pointed to a catalogue lying on the table. He had taken a couple of letters out of the word "catalog" and there you were.

No actual lies were told, but it was truth with a very timid little "t". To show you what I mean by Truth with a large "T", I have prepared here a little ad:

I make tooth brushes.
I make the best tooth brushes that can be made.
There are twenty other manufacturers who make just as good tooth brushes as I do.
But I don't make any profit on theirs.
So never mind theirs. Buy mine.
It's a good one and no dearer than others.
Buy mine and I will make a profit.

I wonder how many devout believers in commercial honesty would buy from this piece of copy.

THE MARKET

By Ethel Louise Knox

I HAVE seen beautiful things in the marketplace:
Gold pyramids, curling leaves of lace
(Parsley they called it — sold it by the pound
To eager men and women crowding round).
I have seen all the graceful draperies
Of corn torn back to show the symmetries
Of rounded kernels set in perfect rows
(Strict-metred lines of verse that still are prose).
I have seen amber honey in a glare
Of autumn sunlight — poetry as rare
As any made by wild Hyblæan bee
Back in the golden age of poesie.
Gay things I've seen upon a market day —
The gayest, piled up lacquers on a tray,
Men bought them — peppers, yellow, green, and red —
And took them home. Men's bodies must be fed.

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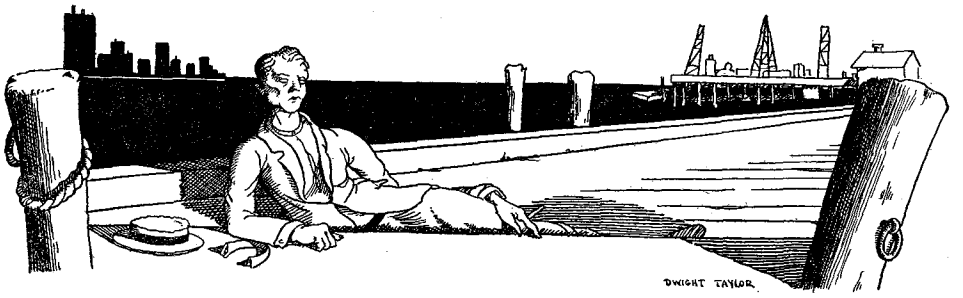

NOCTURNE

By Blanche Goodman

With Sketches by Dwight Taylor

JOE RADEK'S street was called. He pushed through the crowd of passengers that jostled and pressed against him, in the heat of that August afternoon, and swung his powerful body down the rear platform steps of the car.

He stopped to buy a paper at the corner.

"Some weather!" commented the newsdealer, as he selected Joe's favorite sheet.

Joe nodded and, tucking the paper under his arm, walked toward the narrow, alley-like street that led to his flat.

Dirty, half naked children romped and screamed along his route; their clamor filled the concrete court of the building where he lived. Slatternly women sat on the wooden stairway that scaled the rear of the building, exchanging bits of gossip or yelling at the children below.

With scarcely a glance to the right or left, Joe strode through the heat and noise of the court and mounted the stairs to the fourth floor.

The sound of frying reached him as he neared his kitchen door.

"Oh Joe! That you?" Dina, his wife, pale with the heat — she never turned red like most woman — hovered anxiously over the gas range.

No stoke hole could have been worse than the kitchen. Joe's flat was on the top floor, and there was no air chamber below the roof. The blast of heat that flowed toward him as he crossed the threshold made the outer atmosphere seem almost cool by comparison.

From long experience Dina expected no answer to her greeting.

"Oh Joe," she began, as her husband passed through the kitchen and into the dining room, "ain't it been fierce today? Mrs. Wencelas's baby is covered with prickly heat, poor kiddy! And what do you think, Joe? That simp was greasing the little thing with vaseline instead of putting talcum powder on it. I told her no wonder that it hollered so. Here — give me your hat and coat! You always dump your things on the sideboard. What's the hat rack for, anyhow? Good

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land, Joe! I never have to do any picking up till you come home!"

The rattle of dishes accompanied her chatter as she passed to and fro, in kitchen and dining room.

"Oh Joe! Listen! That youngest O'Keefe kid — you know, the one with red hair — threw a ball against our window and busted a pane. Look!"

She pointed to the cracked glass. "I had it hot and heavy with Mrs. O'Keefe. She swears it was George Wencelas done it, but the Shaws told me it was Lester O'Keefe. We can make his old man pay, can't we Joe?"

Joe, by this time, had removed his shoes and thrown himself into a chair, spreading his newspaper before him.

All day long the clang and clatter of machinery down at the plant where he worked. . . . And now Dina's chatter. . . .

Her talk had seemed entertaining enough when, as betrothed lovers, they had strolled arm in arm, or sat on a bench in the park at night. It was different now. He had had four years of it. . . .

Dina had borne him two children, both dead at birth. Through ill health she had lost her comeliness and grown thin and hollow eyed. But it was not for this reason that his tenderness toward her had vanished. He could have put up with her ill health, her loss of looks, even the lack of children. The thing that had come between them was the ceaseless clatter of her tongue.

Never through her illnesses, never even in her time of sharpest grief at the loss of the babies, did her tongue stop — save when she slept.

He had married a damned talking machine. Yes. That's what he had done. A man looks forward to rest when he gets home from work. He, Joe, couldn't even have quiet long enough to read the evening paper.

Dina noted nothing unusual in the quality of his silence tonight. She did not see the look of sullen hate he cast at her from under lowered brows. What did he care about Mrs. Wencelas's baby, and who wants to be bothered with a cracked window pane, the very first thing? Mill clapper!

And Joe turned to his paper again, trying to concentrate on the pictures before him.

"And Joe, Mrs. Jankowski's sister is going to get a divorce. Mary Jankowski was up here this morning telling me about it. She says he ran away to St. Paul with a peroxide blonde milliner. He'll get stuck for alimony, all right. There!"

Her "There!" meant that she had finished dishing up. She sat down at the table with a deep sigh of relief.

"Here, Joe! For goodness sake put that paper down. I never saw a man so nutty about the comics. I do believe you'd rather look at Mutt and Jeff than eat!"

She shoved his paper away from the sugar bowl where he had propped it and, taking up his plate, heaped it with boiled cabbage, meat balls, and fried potatoes.

Joe speared his food in silence while her tongue ran on. His back was toward the window and his face in shadow. Once or twice he flashed a look at her. Long ago he had said half in jest, "Dina, I'll give you a dollar if you'll keep still for an hour." The second baby was on the way then. Dina had laughed as she shook her head. "I couldn't keep still half that long", she giggled. "And by God," he told himself afterward, "I don't believe she could!"

He thought of that now. . . . She'd never stop talking till she was in her grave. He wondered, heavily, how

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other men got on. His mother was only a dim memory. As he tried to recall her now, it seemed to him that she had been a curiously silent woman. Perhaps it was because his father had done most of the talking. Maybe, he thought dully, there's always one that does the talking and one that keeps still. Maybe all couples are like that. . . .

Supper was over. Dina was telling him how she had caught a vegetable huckster trying to cheat her out of two cents. "And I says to him, I says, 'Lookit here, my man — '"

Joe took up his paper again and turned to the automobile ads. Some day he might buy a second hand car. It was pleasant to ruminate on this idea, to picture himself riding, alone, through stretches of still forest or silent plain, riding on and on . . .

Dina paused in her task of gathering up the dishes on the table. "My goodness, Joe! But this place is a hotbox. A person could roast to cinders here. Let's go somewhere. They're going to have fireworks over on the big pier tonight. The Wencelases and the Shaws are going. I told 'em we might go along."

Joe bent an inch or two lower over his paper to indicate his preoccupation.

"Aw come on, Joe. Put that newspaper junk away and go get yourself cleaned up. I'll stack the dishes and do 'em when we come back. Why — my goodness! We don't hardly go nowheres. This ain't no place to stay in, of a night like this. What d'ye expect me to do up here, anyhow? Just sit and watch you all evening in this bake oven? Joe! Answer me! Won't you go? Gee! I might as well be married to a deef 'n' dumb man! I actually don't believe you've said a word since you come home. Go on, Joe dear. Put that paper away and go get cleaned up."

She laid a pleading hand on his arm.

Until that moment he had kept his wrath in leash. At her touch, the cords that held it were sundered. His gaze burned into hers as, lifting his great fist, he brought it down on the table with a crash.

"Damn!" he roared. "Damn you and your everlasting tongue! No peace, no quiet! Clack, clack, clack, night and day. Nothing but talk! A man could go crazy! I'm sick of it — do you hear? I've had enough!"

He pushed his chair back violently against the sideboard and strode into the narrow front hallway. He reached for his hat, jammed it on his head, then made for the corner where his shoes lay. To accomplish this he had to pass Dina.

She stood, flattening her thin body against the wall, her face ashen, her mouth dropped open. Never, never had she seen Joe like this. Only yesterday she was telling a neighbor, "I've got a good man. He ain't what you'd call talkative, nor not much on going around, my Joe ain't. But there's worse faults. My Joe's a good husband."

And now this!

He lowered his glance as he passed her. He knew he had struck terror into her heart, and he feared that the sight of her might melt him to pity.

He flung himself out of the back door and went thundering down the stairs. He was conscious of the fact that the other tenants were beginning to crowd the fire escapes at this unaccustomed shouting and profanity in the Radeks' flat and he wanted to get away as quickly as possible.

He stumbled over a child and pushed blindly on, not heeding its howls. To get away out of this hell of heat and the sound of Dina's voice! That

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"Slatternly women sat on the wooden stairway"

thought beat like a hammer through his rage.

He walked out of the alley, past little knots of men to whom he did not vouchsafe a nod, though he knew them all. He passed into the street beyond, then headed southward.

Blocks and blocks he walked. To take a car meant being hedged about with people once more. Presently he reached one of the bridges that grapple together the two portions of the city.

There was a street that led down under the structure to the edge of the river. Here, where warehouses rose, tall and grimy on either side of the water, their fronts presenting a curious picture of desolation, he might sit and think.

Times out of number he had thought of this place. If he had told Dina of his desire to come down here in the evenings, to the warehouse platforms under the bridge, and just sit quietly, looking at the water, she would have laughed at him. She wouldn't have understood it at all.

"Why", he could almost hear her say, "it's like a graveyard down there! Not a soul around! What'd be the idea in *that?*"

Maybe it *was* foolish from her standpoint; but he liked it that way, not a soul around. . .

He looked about cautiously. There were no policemen in sight. Sometimes the cops took you for a bum and signaled you off the waterfront. His course lay between several lines of

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freight cars that stood idle on the tracks under the bridge.

Presently he was swinging himself up on a platform that jutted out above the river. He sat down, his feet hanging over the edge, and, taking off his hat, placed it beside him. Then he produced a grimy handkerchief and mopped his wet neck and head. This done, he stretched his great body sidewise along the boards, propping himself on his elbow.

From here he could see far out toward the point where the narrow river met Lake Michigan.

A barge moored near by rose and fell, ever so gently; the water lapping its sides made a pleasant little clup-clupping sound, almost like soft laughter. A flock of gulls drew his gaze upward. For a while the beauty of their curving flight held him. He liked their soundless activity, circling and circling, then swiftly diving for food. A rat came out on the platform, not twenty feet from where he lay. He saw it sniff this way and that, then, suddenly discovering his presence, turn and flee in noiseless panic.

Joe grinned at the rat's fear of him. This episode somehow brought his mind back to Dina. If she had seen that rat, the riverside would have echoed with her screams. She was afraid of even the tiniest mouse. But then — women were like that. He had never seen one that didn't carry on at the sight of a mouse. Even Big Katie down at the place where he worked. She was almost Joe's match in size and strength, yet one day a mouse had frightened her into hysterics!

Well — maybe a man oughtn't to expect a woman to be like himself. Take this matter of talking, for instance. Two men can sit together and pull on their pipes for an hour at a time, with merely an occasional word. But two women together. . . Holy Smoke!

Suddenly the smooth surface of the river began to break up into a thousand little silken riffles. A breeze from over the lake was setting in. It caught up a bit of paper on the barge and sent it scudding into the water; it leaped upon Joe and caressed him with its delicious coolness. He closed his eyes so that he might feel its heavenly pressure upon his hot eyelids. Ah-h-h, but that was good!

No use in talking, the flat was a bake oven, sure enough. Yes. And it was no cinch for Dina to be cooking in that two-by-four hole on a day like this. And she hadn't kicked about it, either. And here he'd come home and — Why, Holy Smoke! Whatever had got into him tonight, to cut loose at her the way he'd done? She hadn't said anything wrong. Just wanted to get out and go to the pier. Why hadn't he given in? *Why*? He wasn't so damn' crazy about staying in on a night like this himself. He'd just acted that way — well, yes, just to be contrary, that was what.

Of course she did gab an awful lot — but then, women are like that. But — but — what had made him leap at her and swear so? Holy Smoke! What *had* come over him? He liked her. Yes. Underneath it all, he was fond of her. She was a good girl. She wasn't always running to the movies like that Wencelas woman, nor serving him with cold, slapped up stuff from the delicatessen, like Mrs. Shaw did her man.

And then — Dina was saving too. There was that business about the huckster. Hm. She counted the pennies. Some day they were going to buy a little cottage up north near the drainage canal, and have chickens and

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"Other tenants were beginning to crowd the fire escapes"

a vegetable garden, and a circular plot of geraniums and scarlet sage. . . . She was forever talking about that cottage. . . .

He smiled. Here at the quiet river edge, with this cooling breeze blowing upon him, his recent rage puzzled and amazed him. Swearing at her like that! And she hadn't said a word to him in answer. Just stood and looked at him as if she'd seen a ghost. Poor kid! He must have pretty near frightened the life out of her.

What would she be doing now? Perhaps she had gone to the fireworks after all. He wanted to think so, anyhow. But something told him that she had not. She would be ashamed to face her neighbors after that rotten hollering of his. He knew she liked to boast of him. He had overheard her one day. . . . A sheepish look came over his face at the recollection.

Well, then, if she hadn't gone out, she was there, all alone, in that heat. He looked at his watch. He could just about make out the time in the gathering dusk. He reached for his hat.

A street car deposited him at his corner. Joe walked over to the drug store.

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"Ain't got nothing left but strawberry ice cream", said the clerk in answer to his question.

"'S all right. And say — put it in a double cartoon, or it'll be soup by the time I get to the flat."

He decided to enter the front way. The stairs at the rear of the tenement would be all cluttered up with folks at this hour, and that would make it awkward for him.

As he opened the hall door he reached up for the light. God, but the place was hot!

He stood still, listening. Everything quiet. No sign or sound of Dina.

He went into the bedroom, he passed down the hallway, then on through the dining room and the kitchen. He considered asking the neighbors if they had seen her, but shame deterred him. He stood for a moment, listening to their talk, as they sat on the tiny extension in the rear. No — Dina was not among them.

The ice cream was fast melting. He placed the carton on the dining room table and walked into the hallway again. There he stood, irresolute, scratching his head in perplexity.

A most disquieting thought insinuated itself into his mind. Pshaw! A fool idea! Just for a little swearing like that from him, Dina wasn't the kind who'd — well, now, you can't tell about women. That girl they took out of the lake yesterday. . . Why that was all foolishness. Dina knew he meant no harm. None at all.

A small, gasping sound fell upon his ears. Like a flash he turned in the direction from which it came. Yes — there it was again!

He walked once more to the bedroom and stood looking in, blankly.

The door of the clothes closet was slightly ajar.

In the first year of their marriage she used to hide from him there, and jump out at him joyously, when he came from work. . . . His hand trembled as he pulled the door open.

There she lay on the floor, sobbing.

His long, powerful arm encircled her slender waist. She made no attempt to resist him. In a moment he was seated on the bed, holding her body to him as one holds an infant, stroking her damp hair back from her hot, wet forehead, or patting her cheek, gently.

The room was smothering. Her tears trickled along his shirt collar and onto his neck, but of this he was scarcely aware. He went on smoothing her hair.

By and by her convulsive sobs ceased. She sat up, one arm about his neck, her forehead resting against his.

He said, huskily, "There's some ice cream in the dining room."

She made no answer.

"Wait a minute and I'll go get it." He seated her on the bed and went down the hallway. In a moment he was back again, with the ice cream and a spoon. Then, sitting beside her, shame and apology in his eyes, he watched her while she swallowed the now quite liquid refreshment. Anyhow the stuff was still cold.

She looked at him timidly between mouthfuls. By and by there was no more ice cream to be scooped up.

"I'll tell you what," he announced as he placed the empty container on the window sill, "the fireworks ain't no more'n just begun. They always start late. S'pose we go over?" He looked at her eagerly.

A faint smile of pleasure touched her lips and fluttered up to her eyes, now red lidded and swollen. For once she could not trust herself to speak. She only nodded shyly and, leaning forward, she gave his great hand a tight squeeze.

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HUGH WALPOLE: NOVELIST

By J. B. Priestley

THE addition of the word "novelist" above does not mean merely that Hugh Walpole's name has made its appearance in the fiction lists during these last eighteen years. If it meant only that, it would not be there, for no reader of these pages is likely to imagine that Walpole is a poet or dramatist or historian. No, it is there, like the opening phrase for horns familiar in some overtures, to announce the critical theme. It is the Walpole *Leit Motif*. He is a novelist in a sense in which many of his important contemporaries, who jostle him in the fiction lists, are not novelists at all. These writers, admirable writers, too, many of them, have simply taken to fiction because it happens to be the fashionable form of our time, and a form so conveniently elastic that it can be stretched in almost any direction. At heart they are lyrical poets like D. H. Lawrence, or essayists like Aldous Huxley. It is themselves they are interested in and not other people. Having a story to tell is not to them the root of the matter but a boring necessity, a rather elaborate form they have to fill up in order to receive a check of any size from their publishers. Their fiction is simply lightly disguised autobiography, so that their last novel tells us where they have been, what they have done, who were their hosts and guests, during the previous twelve months. In any other age but this, they would not be novelists at all. Hugh Walpole stands apart from these brilliant persons who have lounged into fiction.

He is a novelist in every sense of that term. As he has told us more than once, he subscribes to the solid old doctrine that fiction, first and last, is concerned with the creation of character. Most of us would agree that there is more in the art than this, but we should also agree that a novelist holding this opinion is not likely to go far wrong. It is significant that one of Walpole's earliest books, written in his twenties, is a story of a successful man of forty, and that his very latest, "Harmer John", written when he knows exactly what it feels like to be a very successful man of forty, has no concern with such persons but is the story of a young and naïve idealist, a Scandinavian professor of gymnastics. Here, it is obvious, we have a writer of fiction who can escape from his own life, who is not serving up chapters of his autobiography, merely sprinkled with false names, every spring and autumn season. This circumstance partly explains his great and well deserved popularity. A glance at the present state of fiction reveals him in a happy position, for he happens to be an intelligent story teller at a time when so many writers of fiction either have the stories without the intelligence or the intelligence without the stories; and it is fortunate for the future of the novel that there still remains a substantial public that prefers to have both these things in its fiction.

Walpole is in a happy position also because he is singularly well equipped as a novelist. He is not condemned, as so many of our novelists are now, to

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restrict himself to one particular side of life, one little section of society. He has a wide knowledge of the whole social scene, confidently takes his readers into schoolmasters' common rooms, Cornish inns, deaneries, literary parties, old maid's lodgings, Soho restaurants, suburban chapels, all manner of places from Cornwall to Petrograd; and he has no difficulty in adequately presenting a varied host of figures, from old duchesses to charwomen, bishops to schoolboys. With this unusually wide range of places and people, he yet succeeds in keeping almost everywhere to a level of solid realism. We are not referring now to that higher degree of realism which stamps a scene or a character indelibly on the imagination, but to that — shall we say? — "convincingness" which makes a reader trust a novelist. To achieve this "convincingness" on such a scale is proof enough of his sound equipment for the task of writing novels. But he rises still higher in his traffic with the special little world he has created for himself, that of Polchester, Seatown, and the neighboring coast, with which his best novels (with one or two exceptions) are concerned. He knows his cathedral town so well that it almost becomes itself a sentient creature in his hands. It is to him what Barchester was to Trollope, who, incidentally, is one of Walpole's favorite novelists.

The comparison with Trollope is inevitable and we might as well accept its challenge, even though it will not take us very far. Both of them have this wide range and general "convincingness"; and both of them have their special little world of the cathedral town and its surrounding country, something as essentially English as the Anglican Church itself. Indeed, both these novelists are very English themselves, English in their delight in the concrete fact, in character as opposed to ideas, in their indifference to whatever is metaphysical, in their sturdy appreciation of the good things of life. When so much has been said, however, they part company. Trollope is more thoroughly immersed in fact and achieves a solid realism, you might say a "chunkiness", of character and scene to which the modern novelist never attains. He lived in another and very different world. A modern novelist who worked exactly as Trollope worked would be a mere faker, not honestly expressing himself at all. The world that Walpole creates has infinitely more light and shade; it has "atmosphere", and its people have nerves. This light and shade, this atmosphere, these nerves, are not something deliberately added but are inevitably there, sometimes there, it would seem, in spite of the writer's efforts to keep them out. There are times when Walpole would seem to have told himself that he wanted to be nothing more than an up-to-date and rather jollier Trollope. And those are not the times when he wrote his best novels, when he gave us "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill", "The Dark Forest", "The Cathedral", "The Old Ladies", and now "Harmer John".

We might say that there are two Walpoles and that these major works of his are the result of a successful collaboration between the two. They are very different from one another. The first is the more obvious and accessible, if only because he is clearly seen in the outward man himself, that genial, friendly figure now well known to so many American lecture audiences. He has a tremendous zest for all the good things of this life, for all manner of people, for mountains and lakes and cities, for etchings and opera and foot-

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ball matches, and even for the works of his fellow authors. He is still one of the young enchanted, living in the jolliest of all possible worlds. He has an eager and appreciative rather than a soberly critical intelligence. This, then, is the first Walpole, and the part he plays in the stories, even the grimmest of them, can be plainly seen. He it is who is responsible for all those jolly and zestful young men who share his enthusiasm for the good things: Tony Gale, Archie Traill, Henry Trenchard, and the rest. These young men are not regarded by most of us as the best company in the world, for they are apt to be too naïve and uncritical, too determinedly jolly, so that sometimes they are simply irritating and at other times they lose all individuality and turn into a mere glow of appreciation. But even as characters, they are at least a welcome change from those bored young horrors who saunter through so much of our modern fiction. And what they stand for, the point of view they represent, is even more welcome. The literature that cannot express and communicate a zest for life, not all of it perhaps but at least some of it somewhere, is not worth very much. If a man is permanently bored and disgusted with this life, it is high time he stopped writing about it. He has no shadow of excuse for going on; for if he declares that his object is reform, he has overlooked the fact that life to be worth mending must be worth living, and if he has no such object, then he is merely occupied in spreading a blight that is probably the result of indigestion or injured vanity. Too many contemporary novelists appear to have been destined for some other and far superior planet and never to have recovered from the first shock of dismay and disgust at finding themselves on this one. Hugh Walpole is not of these novelists; he keeps alive a childlike (and sometimes childish) sense of wonder, a delight in the mere existence of all manner of common things.

This wonder, delight, happy zest, is encouraged by the first Walpole, sometimes so enthusiastically that its very naïveté becomes suspicious, is thrust into the foreground of the picture of life, because he knows that the other Walpole is lurking about, perhaps already darkening the background. This other, who has a great part to play in all the more important tales, is a very different person. He is indeed a most curious contrast to his collaborator. To begin with, he hardly seems English at all. Still less (and in this unlike the second selves of so many contemporary English novelists) is he French, being worlds away from that citadel of order and wit and irony and rationalism, the Gallic spirit. There is something curiously Russian about him. These scenes that Trollope might have used are played against a background that reminds us of Dostoyevsky. In a recent essay on "Reading", Walpole calls "The Brothers Karamazov" the greatest novel in the world. This opinion must belong to the second Walpole, and it is not difficult to understand why he should hold it. He sees this life against a vast, cloudy, terrible background of warring good and evil. He may not see it so intensely and gigantically as that great and purely Slavonic genius, who walks through a world of storm and midnight as if he were Lear and the Fool in one person. But see it he does, and in a fashion that sets him apart from all his contemporary English novelists. Moreover, this outlook is native to his mind, not something acquired, a matter of social or literary influence. It was there long before he actually found his way to Russia and produced two novels, "The

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Dark Forest" and "The Secret City", that succeed in bridging, as it were, two great and opposing literatures. It was there as early as "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" and is present in all his strongest work, notably "The Cathedral", "The Old Ladies", and "Harmer John". Its traces are everywhere, even in those things, like "The Young Enchanted", that the other Walpole has tried to write by himself, hoping to give a jolly and zestful account of the world for once without having nerves, sinister atmosphere, cruelty, break in. Nor is its presence ever to be regretted, except by those people who want literature to be a kind of sugar plum.

This second and deeper self of his, not to be observed in the outward man, the platform presence, possesses an unusually sharp sense of evil. He is a master of sinister atmosphere, in which hate and cruelty walk abroad, taking possession of the most unlikely persons. He can move with startling and enthralling rapidity from a commonplace account of a commonplace scene to a picture of tortured nerves and thence to a drama of souls, hurled into the battle of good and evil. At one moment we are watching some schoolmasters bickering in their room or some poor old ladies having tea together, and at the next moment we are swinging dizzily between heaven and hell. Other contemporary writers, for example de la Mare, may be able to achieve more subtle horror, a poetically sinister magic in things; they may be able to present more circumspectly and yet more movingly the crises in one individual mind, the drama of one soul; but no modern novelist has surpassed Walpole in the power of creating, with convincing and amusing realism, the ordinary social scene and then of turning it into a kind of transparency, illuminated by the hellish flares of cruelty and hate and the serene glow of pity and love. It is this power that makes him unique in the fiction of our time.

This is the day of novels with one central point of view, made up of one very real person in a company of shadows, novels that ask you to relate everything to one mind or soul. In Walpole's most characteristic and best work, however, the method is different, for the interest instead of being centralized is diffused throughout the scene, touching nearly every person there. If this has not been his intention, then once more an artist has worked better than he knew. There is nothing more difficult in fiction than to turn a whole group of persons, almost a whole town, into your central figure, presenting the drama of a community and not a single person, and this Walpole succeeds in doing more than once. Thus, "Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill" is not the story of Traill, a figure of no great interest, nor even of Perrin, who is much better, but of the whole school, through which the flame, fanned by Perrin's hate, travels with appalling swiftness. Perhaps the culminating point of the story is that moment, in which neither Perrin nor Traill is directly concerned, when Comber strikes his wife. It is this swift netting of all the personages on the scene, showing the mighty reverberation of a few angry words, that is so characteristic of its author. This unusual power is even more fully revealed in the Polchester novels. "The Cathedral" describes for us the conflict between the proud and defiant Archdeacon Brandon and the subtle and mischievous Canon Ronder, both of whom are very powerful characters; but nevertheless the novel is really the story of Polchester itself, of all the people whose lives were affected by that

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famous quarrel. "Harmer John" may be read as the story of that personage himself, the young naïve idealist who comes from afar to an old settled community; but it leaps into a far more vivid and enduring life if it is regarded as it should be regarded, as the story of that community itself, into which Harmer John is flung as a stone might be flung into a pool. It is the people round him who are important, just as it is the reactions of the other characters to the Prince in Dostoyevsky's "The Idiot" that really create that powerful story. Harmer John himself is only a kind of touchstone. His arrival merely gives the signal for the old battle of good and evil to begin again in Polchester, which rapidly becomes a maze of passion and prejudice, timidity and cruelty, generosity and pity. The growing tide of rumor, the snaring of person after person, the darkening of the whole sky, the victory of evil that is no victory at all because the good remains unconquered — these things, so compelling in this and earlier stories, are very characteristic of their author.

Here then, in this unusual combination of a hearty and humorous realism and the power of creating a huge background of warring good and evil, is Walpole's strength. If a novelist can remind us of both Trollope and Dostoyevsky, there is no need to emphasize the fact that his possible range is immense. You may say that Walpole has staked out a claim far larger than that of any of his fellow novelists. This is his strength and this too is his weakness. It is his weakness because such a claim demands correspondingly great technical resources, and as yet he does not command them. As a craftsman, he takes things far too easily, though it is only fair to point out again that his "things" are unusually difficult. He is weak where such novelists as Henry James, Edith Wharton, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Willa Cather are strong: that is, as a narrator pure and simple. There are times when those of us who admire him, exasperated by his failure to construct a trim and taut narrative, feel that he ought to be condemned to learn Percy Lubbock's "Craft of Fiction" by heart. He is one of those novelists (and he has told us so himself, more than once) who happily surrender themselves to the worlds of their imagination, who enjoy their characters and part from them reluctantly, and have a boyish delight in the business of telling us all that happened. This would seem to be all to the good, but there is always the danger that such novelists will overlook the obvious fact that the reader has not accompanied them on these imaginary journeys but is patiently waiting on the other side of a screen of words. Unless they are equally preoccupied with the technical problems of fiction, they will involuntarily scamp the task of presenting these worlds and characters to the reader. This is Walpole's chief defect.

It may show itself, this weakness, in the presentation of a character — as in "The Dark Forest", where so much hangs on the charm of Marie Ivanovna as the story proceeds and yet there is no attempt to make the reader feel she is charming. The companion novel, "The Secret City", exhibits another fault, one common to all careless narrators (Scott is an excellent example), that of presenting a character, in this instance, young Bohun, with an emphasis disproportionate to its ultimate importance in the story. It is really a failure in the architecture of the fiction, which never seems to have been sufficiently well planned before it was begun. Walpole, whose task is more difficult than most novelists' because

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his object is to show us not one point of view but perhaps a score, does not appear to make up his mind how a story shall be told. The result is a rather irritating confusion in nearly all his narratives. Thus, in "Harmer John", the story is really told in the familiar third person manner, by an ideal spectator who sees and hears everything and can peep into the minds of the characters. Yet in two or three chapters an actual spectator is dragged in and contrives to take part in the action. In addition, we have extracts from diaries and letters, documents that the ideal spectator does not require and the actual spectator would not be allowed to see. We need not be pedants to maintain that such a muddle is not good enough. If a story is worth telling — and "Harmer John" and the rest are unusually fine stories — it is worth telling properly. The ordinary reader may not consciously remark such confusions in the narrative, such faulty architecture, but you may depend upon it that they loosen the author's grasp upon the reader's imagination, just as they irritate the critic. Why a man who has made light, from an incredibly early age, of some of the most difficult problems in fiction, should fail to settle some of the easiest, should refuse that last "ha'p'orth of tar" that would make all shipshape, is a mystery. We can only hope that such neglect will not even lightly cloud the future work of this distinguished novelist. Fortunately, although he has a substantial past (in no invidious sense), he still has a future to face, unlike most members of his own generation and set of English novelists, those former young men of vast promise who have somehow contrived to leave theirs behind them. And he would seem to await this future with a confidence that, for once, we share.

PHYSICS AT THE PIANO

By S. Foster Damon

I STRIKE one note; there radiates
From the taut string an ecstasy
Which in the air is figured as
An intricate geometry.

Within a globe of shaking rays
I change the lacework as I will
To webs more exquisite than snow
The microscope makes visible.

A single finger on the key;
And who shall say what Thing may stir
When casually I strike one note
And Nature plays geometer?

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THE FOUNDERING OF THE GOOD SHIP MATRIMONY

By Joseph Collins

THE sea that the good ship matrimony sailed was charted first by Expediency, then by Church, and finally by State. In her early days when she was a simple craft without much draft or speed, she navigated the waters of life with commendable safety, but now that size and speed as well as security are demanded, the waters must be recharted lest she become anchored on shoals, or go to pieces on rocks. She has had so many groundings and collisions since Liberalism has been her pilot that she is now unseaworthy. Shall we take her out and overhaul her or shall we blow her up and build a new, a bigger, better, safer boat? That's the question.

There are people in the world who maintain that marriage is a satisfactory institution; that it does not need reformation. But there are people in the world also who deny reality, and there are people who are as unreceptive of proof as oil is of water. These lines are not addressed to them.

I shall not quote philosopher or sage, poet or philistine, to support the statement that the institution marriage becomes feebler year by year. The Census Bureau is more eloquent than La Rochefoucauld, more convincing than Anatole France, more credible than Bartholomew Scheræns. Its recent bulletin shows that the divorce rate is increasing faster than the marriage rate. This state of affairs is neither new nor a flash in the pan. With every renaissance of Liberty, divorce has gathered fresh impetus.

It does not mean that marriage is a failure; it means that the institution under its present administration is so unsuccessful that its officers must be forced out, a plan of procedure conceived and a conduct decided upon that will be consonant with the times in which we live and harmonious with our hopes of eternal peace. It will be difficult to accomplish this reform at any meeting of the trustees or directors if two policemen, one as huge as Polyphemus, the other as powerful as Hercules, stand outside the door of the assembly room and warn each member that if he votes in favor of the change not only will eternal punishment be meted out to him, but that its intensity and variety will increase as time goes on. That is what the Catholic Church, Roman and Anglican, is doing today.

It is as natural and as inevitable for men and women to mate as it is for shrubs to flower and trees to bloom. They can no more prevent it than they can prevent being born or dying. Now and then a weakling is encountered who can be prevented by threats from essaying it, and some are so sodden with credulity that they accept the assurance of those whose sources of enlightenment are no different from their own that they will gain eternal salvation by thwarting their Creator's first command.

Marriage, in design and construction, is a man made temple. When God spoke to His images, matrimony was not mentioned. When it was planned and built, it was pleasant to

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behold and comfortable to occupy. But it is no longer harmonious to our needs, nor contributory to recovery from the infirmities that time has thrust upon us.

The further man has evolved from his primitive state, the more he has been beholden to ceremony. Matrimonials and ceremonials have always been intimate, and from the very beginning of Christianity marriage was accompanied with acts of religious worship. Though St. Paul early in his sacerdotal career said, "*Sacramentum hoc magnum est*", marriage without benediction was regarded as valid by the Church until the Council of Trent. Marriage as a sacrament got a great jolt from the Reformation, but it has been difficult to get the western world to admit that it is not a divine institution.

Marriage is as old as man's sentiment. It flowed originally from selfishness, from parental love, and from compassion. Man clamored to possess that for which he lusted, and he braved all dangers to accomplish it. When his image resulted, a chamber of his heart, until then dark and unoccupied, was lighted and tenanted. He experienced the purest form of love: the parental. The absolute helplessness of the individual who resulted from union with the beloved, its supreme dependency, stirred his bowels of compassion at the same time that it provided more fuel for his consuming passion: self love. Progeny is an expansion and extension of self. In primitive days, parents continued to live together for the benefit of the young. They contemplated their life and saw that it was very good and they called it marriage. Since then, marriage has been the root and the trunk of the family tree. But the tree is no longer giving satisfactory shade or adequate shelter. It must either be cut down and new ones must be planted, as Russia has started to do, or the ground must be fertilized, the roots of the tree nurtured, branches pruned, dead limbs amputated.

Marriage of today may be compared to a house whose windows are broken, whose roof leaks, whose doors sag. It could be made so much more comfortable by repairs or rebuilding. Priests tell us that the fault is with the occupants, not with the house, and they admonish us to mend our ways. While struggling to do so, we suffer and die.

In a recent book, I said that marriage at this stage of our civilization is still the best happiness insurance policy one can take out. Some critics of my book thought they saw a flagrant contradiction, an obvious inconsistency in that statement. How can one reconcile the apparent fiasco of matrimony with its being the best method to insure happiness? Surely, there must be a road to it that is not studded with fifteen per cent of failures. My effort was to say that marriage sanely planned, properly perpetrated, and prudently administered contributes more to health and happiness, to satisfaction of ambition and vanities, than anything else. When we reflect that the partners rarely give any thought to these matters, we cease to wonder that one marriage out of every seven is a failure. We marvel that the other six are comparatively successful.

A man who wants to get rich quickly is more likely to go into business than to be a poet or a professor. And though one out of every five business ventures fails, that fact does not detract from the truth that commerce is the safest and surest way to prosperity. So it is with marriage: while one *ménage* cannot stand it, six make the best of it; and of those six, there

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may be one whose members would not choose another state or other partners.

The great defense ground of marriage is unassailable, although it does not satisfy logic: no one has ever found anything better to replace it, and those who have tried the much chanted *union libre* have discovered that its ties are often more binding than those of legitimate matrimony.

If one banking house out of each seven should fail after a few months of active business, it would not be long before experts would delve into the causes of such failure, find reasons to explain it, remedies to apply to it, and reforms to elaborate and carry out.

This should be the way with marriage. It is in need of such investigation and of much reformation, but that will not be accomplished until we know why marriage is not a success, and are determined to handle the problem with a view to ameliorate it.

Philosophers and creative artists prepare, sometimes precipitate, revolutions. Descartes, Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, d'Alembert, stored the magazine that exploded in 1789. Now Hermann Keyserling, a score of his countrymen, an Englishman, and an American woman have launched a volume called "The Book of Marriage" that may parallel in miniature the work of the encyclopædists. With true Teutonic modesty it emanates from the "School of Wisdom", Darmstadt, and the opening article is called "The Correct Statement of the Marriage Problem".

The wise Count summons the Etats Généraux and announces that scarcely anyone today knows the significance of marriage: nearly everyone woos the wrong person, not one person in a thousand knows how to lead a proper married life, and marriage, which in reality is a state of "tension", is now passing through a terribly serious crisis. Then the members of his assembly take the Oath of the Tennis Court, and now we await the storming of the Bastille.

The chief reason why marriage is rarely a success is that it is contracted while the partners are insane. I do not propose to pause here to identify love and insanity, to duplicate the competent and satisfactory book of Robert Burton. The vast majority of the young men and women who marry are in no more favorable mental state to execute a contract than an individual who is in the throes of hypomania, who cannot be persuaded to eat or drink, and who is wholly beyond competence to look after his own interests or guard the welfare of others.

Like all insanities which are not based on organic disorder, it ends in full sanity. Then the participants realize that they are temperamentally unfit to live with one another, that he or she is not what was expected, and that marriage, on the whole, is a résumé of the tortures of the damned.

Two young people fall in love with one another: that is, they believe that they cannot live without one another, and the lust they experience is like a devouring fire that will burn all in front of it unless measures are taken to prevent it. Marriage is the measure. After a few months of comparative bliss, the "old man" comes to the surface in both participants: they discover that they know nothing of each other, they do not even know if they like one another, and they have to go through the process of adjustment which, logically, should be failure — it is something akin to a miracle when it is not. That discovery occurs about the time when both awaken to the fact

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that conjugal intimacy, though the essence of satisfactory marriage, consumes but a few minutes of their burdensome days and disenchanted nights.

What is then left of that beautiful bed of roses upon which one lay with such exquisite sensibility that none of the petals would be ruffled or disturbed? Love as a devouring passion is all but gone, and neither partner has acquired an intimate knowledge and understanding of the person to whom he or she has pledged fidelity and devotion. "Love, honor, and obey" goes on; but love has flown, the obedience is neither cheerful nor willing, and honor will not remain for long if respect is diminished.

The man who had all the qualities desirable in a lover, and before whom all doors seemed equipped with an unfailing "sesame", turns out to be as human as any mortal; his ardor has cooled but his mentality is unchanged; emptied of flattery and caresses, the carcass appears negligible and pathetic. The young girl in whose smile the angels must have reveled proves to be a woman nagging as her mother, careless of her appearance after a few weeks of extra care, unmindful of her tongue or temper, jealous and unreasonable in her demands. The husband suddenly realizes that his wife likes to travel and go to concerts, while he likes to stay at home and play poker. It seems incredible that they should never have discussed their likes and dislikes before they became entangled in the web. Little by little, however, a few incidents of the pre-marriage days are recalled: the young girl's saying, "No, I don't like to cook, but I'll love it for you", while he assured her that, although poetry and music had never had much appeal for him until he met Love, it would all be changed after they were married. And that is about as far as they go into the study of one another's fundamental makeup.

It is at this period of matrimony — when conjugality loses its zest and must be replaced by some other form of enjoyment as essential and as binding — that the partners should be made aware of the great importance of companionship.

A discussion on the causes of matrimonial wrecks does not and cannot lead very far when the effort is not endorsed by those who are primarily interested; for, after all, one goes inevitably from the general to the particular. Marriage is, at first, an individual affair, strictly limited to the welfare, happiness, and success of two persons; but in nine cases out of ten it remains so only a few months. As soon as pregnancy results, it becomes a communal and economic affair. Its increasing failure should therefore interest everyone upon whom rain falls.

Probably the chief obstacle to successful matrimony is hasty and ill advised marriage. Far greater success attends marriage in countries where it is largely "an arrangement" than in our country where it is bad form to bargain before having the benefit of clergy.

The contracting parties have no knowledge whatsoever that they are temperamentally, intellectually, emotionally, and morally fitted to live with one another; and such equipment as they have is generally unreliable. They think marriage is a regulated sexual union based on love that will last forever. When one whispers to the wind one chooses a zephyr, not a hurricane. The time to tell potential husbands and wives to watch their matrimonial step is before the love frenzy seizes them. It is safe to say

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that not one parent in a hundred does so. Being in love is one reason for marrying, but it is far from being the best one. Love, unless it can be transmuted into, or replaced by, respect, confidence, admiration, is the poorest reason.

No individual should get far beyond puberty without being told by parent or teacher the qualities that the person who could live with him successfully should have.

"Do you recall how angry you got", said I to a dear young friend who had come to tell me that she would rather die than go on living with her husband who had not only dried up the springs of her affection for him but had made her feel that her store of affection had been depleted, "when you confided to me that you were going to marry John, and when I told you that he was very conventional, that his judgments were always adverse, that he was selfish, literal, uncompromising, and temperamentally not adapted to you?" "Yes," said she, "I recall perfectly, and I wish you had locked me up in an insane asylum then."

I have known that young woman from the day of her birth. If I had told her before her days of fury the qualities which the man with whom she could live should have, the advice might have had effect. It had none when I did tell her. A prudent person profits from personal experience, a wise one from the experience of others. What a blessing it would be if parents and children spoke the same language!

One who would attempt to say just how marriage will be reformed has no concern for his reputation as a prophet. It would be easy to frame a prospectus that would set forth the advantages of trial marriage. There is one fatal objection. Trial marriage must necessarily be childless, and childless marriage is but a makeshift and a poor one at that. In this country childless marriages are four times as likely to end in divorce as marriages where there are children. An extremely good case could be made out for special marriages, limited liability marriages, as it were: one for sexual relation, one for progeny, one for companionship, each with its particular ethics and laws.

Perhaps the most expeditious and fruitful way of solving the problem is to make marriage harder and divorce easier. Divorce is not the enemy of marriage, it is its ally.

The more we study and seek to understand the sex instinct, the more capable we shall be to study and solve the marriage problem. The longer we treat that instinct as an impostor, a sneak and an outlaw, the larger the problem will loom.

The emancipation of women marked the dawn of a new era, an era in which candor must replace hypocrisy and truth falsehood; an era in which belief shall be founded upon fact and faith, not in falsity and delusion. Woman no longer stands in the relation to man that man does to God. One day she will be his better half indeed; she will be his helpmate; she will aid him in solving the marriage question. The essence of the result of revolution is the destruction of privilege. If man can only be persuaded to abandon his privilege without revolution, the reformation of marriage will be under way.

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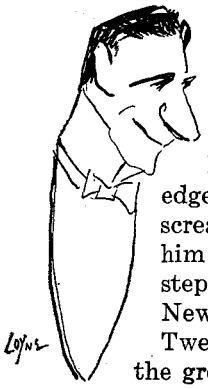
SO'S YOUR OLD MAN

By Paxton Hibben

With Sketches by Will Coyne



Gentleman Jim

JOHN L. SULLIVAN was thirty four. His face was fat and very red, his paunch heavy, his hair greying at the edges. Yet ten thousand screaming men thought him invincible when he stepped into the ring at New Orleans.

Twenty one rounds later, the great John L., covered with blood and dirt, staggered to his corner like a drunken man. Gentleman Jim Corbett leaped into the air and "gave a whoop of triumph". He had won the stupendous sum of $45,000 and the heavyweight championship of the world. And he was only twenty six.

All the way across the continent trains carried drunken, cursing, brawling men in three directions, fighting the fight over again in thickened speech, with wavering, bloodshot eyes.

That, too, was the nineties.

It seems strange to hear the period called the "nice nineties". Nice how? The decade began with the semi-official murder of eleven Italians acquitted of crime by a New Orleans jury, for which, despite the bold talk of Secretary of State Blaine, the United States paid an indemnity in the modest sum of $25,000. The Italian navy was third in strength in those days, the American navy sixth.

The decade ended in that triumph of enlightened liberalism, the Dreyfus trial at Rennes, a drama played to the accompaniment of the guns of the first of the wars to make the world safe for democracy, in South Africa. In its brief span was encompassed perhaps the swiftest and most ruthless crushing out of the hopes and aspirations of millions of little fellows that the world had yet seen at one fell swoop. Little farmers, little storekeepers, little business men, and, littlest of all, the hopeless, bewildered immigrant laborers who had come to a new world in search of freedom — all were caught in what Woodrow Wilson in his quaint way called "the novel power of the railways to determine markets and prices and margins of profit, the rising influence of great organizations of capital in the controlling industries of the country, the providential oversight of banks and of those who made the arrangements of credit and exchange".

There were some who did not find it so providential, but it was an unequal conflict. The Big Bertha of the forces of economic concentration, the McKinley Tariff, was already in position. When the serious firing began, at "Fort Frick" at Homestead, Pennsylvania, it was as real a war as ever was fought, with its dead and its wounded, its suffering non-combatants paying the price of hostilities (as usual), and victory perching upon the organized legions, arrayed only against the sporadic uprisings of scattered, leaderless

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masses as pathetic and as tragic as Don Quixote.

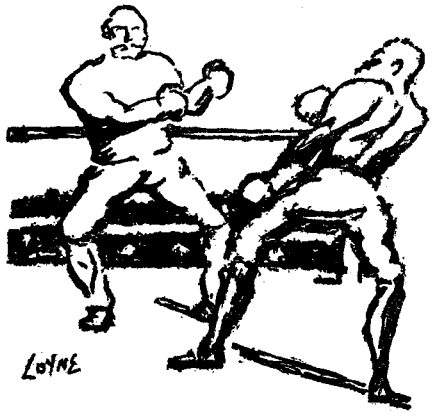
Cœur d'Alêne was even more sanguinary than Homestead. In Buffalo and in the mines of Tennessee new fronts arose. In the coal fields of Illinois there were "bloody conflicts". The bituminous district of Indiana boasted its dead and wounded. At Sacramento a militia general ordered his men to "charge bayonets" into a "compact body of strikers". Fortunately his men had better sense. At Oakland, however, Gatling guns were called into play. At Hammond, Indiana, the United States army fired into solid masses of citizens, leaving a toll of killed and wounded on the field of glory. At Pullman, over the head of the governor of the sovereign State of Illinois, the President sent federal troops to act as strike breakers. "It was not the railways, nor the mines, that beat us", said the late Gene Debs, "but the power of the United States courts." He landed in jail.

Obviously with these deplorable doings afoot and the Populists in 1894 polling over a million and a half votes — a fifth as many as Cleveland received and three times the electoral vote of Taft in 1912 — and with the redoubtable Coxey marching upon Washington at the head of the Army of the Commonweal of Christ, it was no time to permit the public to brood glumly on the economic outlook. A few Christians to the lions, please!

So, early in the war, the World's Fair focused the popular gaze. "Zuleika the Sweet Tempered, Zora the Beautiful, Fatima the Graceful, and Fareda the Sparkling One" did the hootchy-kootchy in the Streets of Cairo, and economic difficulties were forgotten. All the world fluttered over the visit of Her Royal Highness the Infanta Eulalia, aunt of His Catholic Majesty King of Spain and Points South, accompanied by her equally royal spouse, Prince Antoine of Bourbon-Orleans, nephew of the last King of the French. Scandalous stories were whispered about her, too (how little we change!) — but they were not quite the stories recently current in like circumstances of a royal visit. The Infanta Eulalia was childless.

All the rest was the same, however, never fear. What was the proper etiquette with such royal folk? Should there be a ball for her, and if so, who should be invited? The infallible Ward McAllister said No. It was the end of Ward. Fancy! No royal ball to decide who was who in Society! Officially, the Honorable Thomas Gilroy, Mayor of New York, was far less impressive than Jimmy Walker. But on the other hand, there was President Cleveland. Also, it was Mr. and Mrs. John Jacob Astor, not the Chamber of Commerce, who had Her Royal Highness to dinner. At Washington, she occupied the suite that had been Lily Langtry's.

With such breathless events as a royal visit, a World's Fair, and an industrial revolution in progress, it is small wonder that the appearance of Maeterlinck's "Pelléas et Mélisande",



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Hauptmann's "The Weavers", and Shaw's "Widowers' Houses" produced no great stir in these parts. They stood old Ferdinand Brunetière on his head. But William Winter maintained his unruffled and accustomed

Dr. Parkhurst

calm. After all, there was far more exciting reading in the Report of the Lexow Committee investigating the New York City police department. For those who still think the nineties nice, a selected course of home study in that Report is warmly recommended. In the copy in the New York Public Library some modest person has obligingly sliced out the pages containing such crude details as how much graft a prosperous abortionist was expected to pay, and what the police charged to permit the body of an embarrassing baby to be burned in the furnace without further red tape. But enough remains in the ten thousand odd unmutilated pages to hold attention.

Those were the halcyon days of Captain Devery of the Tenderloin, when (the Lexow Report says) droves of streetwalkers crowded the sidewalks of Fourteenth and Twenty third Streets, Broadway and Sixth Avenue, and the cross streets between. "I do not care whether they starve or freeze on the streets, so long as they are starved or frozen into a healthier way of thinking and living", said the Reverend Dr. Parkhurst. Just the same, he secured the indictment of sixty seven members of the police department of New York City, including two commissioners and two ex-commissioners, four inspectors and twenty captains — which is more than anybody else has ever accomplished, before or since. He revealed the existence of over a thousand "pool rooms" in the city. But the genius who was to turn every newsstand into a "pool room" had not yet been born. For the benefit of the uninitiated, let it be clear that a "pool room" is not a place where pool is played.

Nor must it be assumed that the activities of the Metropolis were confined to betting on the races, running what were quaintly known as sporting houses, and stealing elections, as the Lexow investigation might lead one to believe. J. Aldrich Libby, "a singer of great endurance", rendered "After the Ball" at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, Richard Mansfield presented "Beau Brummel", "Charley's Aunt" played to standing room only, and the Kendals ran to such problem plays as "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray". It was a great day for problem plays, but not so good for problem novels. Ernest Vizetelly enjoyed as harassing a time with the works of Gabriele D'Annunzio and Emile Zola as ever Flaubert had ex-

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perienced with "Madame Bovary" forty years earlier — or James Joyce today. Yet "Trilby's" sentimental semi-candor frightened only those who could not control their imaginations. Possibly the real objection to "Trilby" was that sin was taken airily, as in "Jurgen", say. When Grant Allen launched "The Woman Who Did" and George Moore wrote "Esther Waters" for the first time, there was less clamor. The wages of sin were therein set forth as poor business at best.

It may be divined from the depositions of some 1,275 ladies, gentlemen, policemen, and brothel keepers heard by the Lexow Committee that sin did in fact flourish in the nineties no less than now, and that despite the strident efforts of the Salvation Army and the embattled clergy. The distance from the ground to the visible portions (if any) of female anatomy may have been infinitesimal, but legs were legs in those days, even so. When, after a long and decorous campaign, one became possessed of a magic circlet (*honi soit qui mal y pense*) adorned with silken bows and silver buckles, one had something that only a robust imagination could fill. What *has* become of the massive legs of the nineties?

They were not enshrined in the art of the day, more's the pity. When the period opened Bouguereau was still painting and Puvis de Chavannes only a promising fellow. Before it ended Bouguereau was as dead as Praxiteles and all his works with him — not an unworthy achievement for any decade. But neither Degas nor Whistler was dead in the nineties; and if Carolus Duran, Renoir, Cézanne, and Rodin were in their glory in Paris, on these shores Sargent, Chase, Childe Hassam, and St. Gaudens held their own, and Mary Cassatt and Edwin A. Abbey and Howard Pyle besides. There were giants indeed in those days.

There were showmen, too, of course, even after Barnum died in '91. "You shall not . . . press down upon . . . the brow of labor . . . this — crown — of — thorns! . . . " (Rising inflection of the professional orator.) Millions thrilled to it, and the sentiment did them credit, what's more. Even Mark Hanna's well oiled thorn pressing machinery could not altogether rob the phrase of its essential Heart Appeal. The Boy Orator of the Platte may have been no more than a voice echoing from a rain barrel. But he plumbed as unerringly the hearts of his countrymen as Fra Elburtus fathomed their minds. It proved profitable knowledge for both in things of the flesh. But not of the spirit.

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It was, after all, the persistent blindness of the multitude to the blessings of the concentration of the economic control of the country in the hands of the Fit Few that rendered the Spanish War inevitable. Cleveland had done his best to persuade them with bayonets. But they still grumbled at the display of Anna Gould's marriage to the gentleman whom the New York "World" called Count Ernest de Castelanne, complained of the million dollar wedding of Consuelo Vanderbilt to the Duke of Marlborough, and cried aloud at the extravagance of the Bradley-Martin ball. Let 'em eat cake!

The trouble seemed to be that the wretched creatures wanted more cake. They regarded the rapid formation of colossal "trusts" with a fishy eye. There was always Bryan in the offing with his cross of gold. Henry George, running for mayor of Greater New York as a simon pure Jeffersonian, died, and a hundred thousand people filed past his bier in Grand Central Palace, while another hundred thousand waited in long, silent lines to pay their tribute to an honest man. It gave Matt Quay and Tom Platt the shivers.

Such obdurate devotion to the ancient principles of democracy as this, on the part of the Lower Classes, was sand in the machinery, threatening the benevolent purposes of dear Judge Gary and Andrew the Scot. The hand may not be quicker than the eye, but if only the eye can be directed to the wrong hand — presto! The trick is done. So Cuba Libre became the wrong hand, and countless future Rotarians yet in their teens learned how a message to Garcia should be carried. Priceless heritage!

Only a few years later a far less bungled war produced a revolution in the very stronghold of the Tsars. But we — thank God! — are not Russians, and Victory covers with her shining mantle a world of embalmed beef.

He who, alone perhaps, could have done justice to this backyard adventure lay dead — Charles A. Dana, the last of the Titans. Journalism followed steel and oil and the Tin Plate Trust into the secure channel of standardized, concentrated, industrialized emasculation, as loyally as the Constitution followed the flag. When the Spanish War closed, patriotism had thrown her shield about one more set of scoundrels. The great American industrial revolution of the nineties was over. All the proletariat had to look forward to was the automobile — and Henry Ford was still working for the Edison Illuminating Company of Detroit.

It was the Tired Business Man who emerged at what the Tired Business Man called, with pardonable pride, the *fin de siècle*. And he got what he wanted, did the Tired Business Man. He got "Janice Meredith" to supplant "Lord Ormont and His Aminta" of five years before. He replaced Gilbert and Sullivan by Weber and Fields. He chuckled over "David Harum" instead of Mark Twain. Unmoved, he saw the Peerless Leader snatch the laurels of what oratory remained from that incomparable agnostic, Robert Ingersoll. The poetic features of Alfred, Lord Tennyson blurred and faded on the screen — a fitting end. In their place, clear and sharp, the figure of that red blooded he-man, Rudyard Kipling, with Elbert Hubbard his ballyhoo. Why not?

And if the youths and virgins of that day — the former bald now, the latter fat — found that a bicycle built for two took them as surely to shady country nooks as now a flivver, where's the progress?

One is closer to nature on the grass than in the back seat of a sedan.

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ON NOT KEEPING A DIARY

By Helen McAfee

IS it the elaborated "realism" of the modern novel that has brought in the present vogue of the diary? Or has the public taken to the diary in protest against the unreality of our "realistic" fiction? This is a literary issue that might be argued either way, and it makes no great difference — except to students of artificial "trends" — to which conclusion you come. Whatever the philosophical explanation, the important point for the layman is the immense popularity of the intimate, detailed record — which can't be too intimate or too detailed to suit contemporary taste.

Apparently its popularity is still growing. The latest publishers' lists are filled with every sort of memoir and journal. If you are so fortunate as to have in your family an eighteenth century line-a-day book, or even a private chronicle of the day before yesterday, now is the moment to bring it out — and print it. All the famous old diaries are being re-edited for the current trade; at least one excellent anthology of historic diarists (Mr. Ponsonby's) has lately been issued and appreciatively received, and new efforts, as they come hot from the press, are being greeted by critics with unusual indulgence.

One is tempted to wonder what the effect of this mass production of diaries is going to be on the most closely related literary types. For reading them is bound to be educative. Will it make us more critical of the novelist's materials and his psychology? There is this danger, for if the first-personal record never quite succeeds in uncovering bare fact — only unprejudiced omniscience could do that — at least it offers fact one step instead of two steps removed, and unconstrained by the exigencies of plot.

In a somewhat mordant short story Mr. Squire has recently suggested that a writer of no great talent may now find the way of the diarist a primrose path to immediate recognition. Even if you are not a Pepys you may, it seems, be carried along by this partiality for the form which he immortalized. But there are other, larger straws to show the way the wind is blowing. If imitation is a compliment, then the diary is receiving plenty of compliments in this kind. There is a suspicion abroad, well founded apparently in one very diverting instance, that things that never were diaries are being palmed off on us, by skilful impersonators, in that disguise. Other authors are suiting the old form to new devices. Several of our liveliest columnists have adopted the diary for their perspicacious humor. It is perhaps more surprising to find one of the most profound of modern philosophers, Count Keyserling, using it for his theory of our civilization, which seems as likely as any book of today to be read the day after tomorrow. But even more impressive, as a mere sign of the times, is the circumstance that the novelists, who have hitherto had things pretty much their own way in the matter of large sales, are turning — some of them — from their accredited technique to the more egoistical and

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disingenuous narrative. What stronger proof could be offered of its remarkable ascendancy? Miss Loos was not the first to try a novel in diary form, but the conspicuous success of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is likely to suggest further experiments.

This intrusion of fiction upon the diarist's preserves may also be looked at in another way — as a part of the general breakdown of the dividing walls between one field of literary endeavor and another. Thus while fiction has been approaching the personal memoir, biography and poetry have been approaching fiction. The rigidly defined critical essay is giving way to a more direct informal statement, and history is running into journalism. Librarians must be puzzled to know where under the old categories to place many of the newer books. Is "Glorious Apollo" novel or biography? Is Maurois's "Mape" to be considered a trilogy of short stories, essays, sketches, or portraits? Is it the literary or the scientific speculation that dominates Mr. Krutch's "Poe"? And where is one to put Klabund's plangent "Peter the Czar" and Delteil's dithyrambic "Jeanne d'Arc"? Mr. Robinson with powerful effect has diverted psychological fiction into the swift, dark, deep cut channel of his poetry. Within the last year Mr. Leonard's "Two Lives" has presented in terse sonnet sequences material Dostoyevsky would have thought eminently fitting for a huge novel — a six hundred pager; and Mr. Beer in "The Mauve Decade" has produced what would probably have been done a generation ago in a series of self contained essays, as a continuous commentary that is by turns criticism, fiction, biography, journalism, drama, and, possibly in fine bits of figure, even verse.

This was all, I daresay, to be expected from the modern experimental mood, and it is doubtless a healthy state of affairs. Just where it is going to bring us is not now apparent, though it is safe to surmise in advance that, while the movement is evoking a few works of genuine merit and unusual freshness, it will also leave behind many hybrids that will help to date our period. But one may of course observe a general drift in the multitudinous eddies and cross currents toward certain forms of growing favor — such, for example, as the diary.

Without going into the literary or esoteric reasons for this drift toward the personal memoir, there are plenty of reasons that one may give for it. One reason why the diary is and will always be an approved printed form is that nearly all readers come to it with a kindred feeling of preconceived sympathy. Here is an art which they have themselves practised and for which they have stored up the zeal of the craftsman for his craft. Who has not turned diarist at one time or another — probably at a dozen different times? Most of us have done so, and most of us have, an equal number of times, left off.

I should like to see a psychologist's report on the motives which lead so many of us to impose on ourselves on top of all the tasks that the world imposes this added labor. Behind the first childish efforts there is, I suppose, the vague but terribly strong necessity of the young ego to establish itself as an ego apart from all the other egos, cosmic forces, and what not, that seem disinclined to give it elbow room. It is merely a more elaborate way of scribbling one's name over schoolbooks, wallpaper, and fences; and a logical step from that so called vandalism.

With adolescence the desire to keep

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a diary is usually bound up with emotional crises. In such cases, it serves a double usefulness: as an agent for the release of pent up feeling, which this most exclusive of all the seven ages hesitates to commit to mortal confidante; and as a prolongation of stirring experience. At fourteen or fifteen it is sweet to read over and over to oneself (and perhaps even on rare occasions to a discreet friend) the details of an incipient love affair or the private analysis of some other deep emotional recognition which adolescence fondly fancies has never before dawned upon the universe.

In later life, diaries (unless one is a confirmed introvert or a philosopher) are apt to become more objective. There are many people who have not kept a diary for years who are incited to begin again because they suddenly find themselves in a milieu which presents itself so sharply to consciousness that they feel they must "get it in writing". Or it may be that they are thrown into association with persons whose ways and words seem to make the preserving of some record for posterity a plain duty.

I confess that although journal keeping is all against my natural bent, I have many times in the last few years felt the prick of the latter motive as I have listened to the rich, witty reminiscences of a man who was born in the time when talk was still an art and who made an art, a fine, gay Gallic art, of it: a man who could with the turn of a word call up Matthew Arnold on a visit to Barnum's Museum (where he thought Jumbo recognized him as an old London friend) — Bryant in the days when he walked down Broadway with the air and the beard of a Prophet, and a cold Prophet at that — Harriet Beecher Stowe going about Hartford with her hat on wrong side before — a transcendental vision of Alcott *père* — a game dinner of the seventies — an old haunt of the ram's horn or the yellow *cypripedium*. But for various reasons, I may as well add, I have done nothing about all this talk — the best, too, that I shall ever hear.

Assiduity in diary keeping may be artificially stimulated by gifts of plain sheets in handsome leather bindings; but even so, although there are few who do not enjoy *starting* a diary occasionally, there are few who enjoy carrying one on for long at a time. Human laziness has always been against the proceeding, and now there is added to it the pressure of modern life, which hardly leaves a nook or cranny of the day unfilled from the hour of rising to late bedtime. As for dictating a diary at the end of a full day, by that process (if one can judge from the records of Colonel House), whatever may be its value as a cold storage system for facts, one can never hope to capture the charm that went with the older method of inscribing certain odd matters in an unguarded leisure hour, far from efficient secretaries.

But aside from the physical obstacles to keeping a diary, insuperable for most of us, there are also psychological difficulties that become more and more obstructive as one grows older. The peculiar sort of self consciousness which the act induces, and which is so pleasing to youth, is less agreeable in the maturer years. Then, too, as time goes on, personal experience becomes more fascinating as an end in itself, and we hesitate to turn away from it — as the diarist must do — even long enough to record it. Not over-confident of really gaining anything from the business, we become indisposed to bother with it for fear of missing something which is going on around us.

So despite the obvious worldly

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rewards, never greater than at present, that await the clever diarist, and despite the disguised propaganda of Mr. Squire, I doubt if many people will be moved to take up journal keeping. We shall most of us prefer to throw aside our notebooks with all the pages blank after the first few days of January, and to go on reading the diaries of the more pertinacious few that the publishers find it feasible to give us. These we can peruse with greater relish than we could our own efforts, since they offer not only ease but an extension of personality.

Nor need we worry over the loss to the world through the lapse of our private records. Mr. Squire's implication to the contrary (and we are clearly to take that as satire), the technique of keeping a diary is something other than merely stuffing pages full of minor gossip, intimate revelations, and famous names. By conjoining all these elements in sufficient quantity, one could perhaps hope to achieve a *succès de scandale* in one's own generation, but nothing stales more quickly than this sort of mixed grill unless it is preserved by the magic chemical of what some people call "style" and others "personality". This art of being completely artless, of seeing life as "the big parade" and yet at the same time strutting along (on paper) in perfect step with it, is not, as any critical person who has tried to practise it knows, an art that can be wholly acquired. One must be born with the knack of it, and I doubt if there are many more mute inglorious Pepyses going about than there are mute inglorious Miltons. Thus the decision not to keep a diary of one's own but to get one's fun out of another's — which the majority of people make before they reach the age of twenty five — cannot be considered as entailing a serious loss to society.

There is one reason for the special delight of the present age in diaries and memoirs which is in a sense new, and could hardly have been understood a century or two ago. That is that they recover for us the individual — the "forgotten man" of today. In these times of large-scale social legislation always aiming at the greater good of the greater number, and of mass psychology which reduces the whole of mankind to a half dozen categories and all our desires and fears to a few typical "reactions", we are for the most part compelled to abandon him, in public. In the crowded streets of our cities we see him for fleeting moments only, a chance detail in the great moving mob — as Mr. Dos Passos has so vividly portrayed him in "Manhattan Transfer". But in the privacy of our libraries we crave warmer reassurance for our own particular I's; and there is no form of literature that can so comfortingly give us back ourselves as that which presents with true inwardness a fellow being. With this especial contemporary need in mind we may venture the hope, not that everyone will set about keeping a diary — heaven forbid! — but that no really rich available record will be allowed to escape the sought or unsought flattery of print.

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JEREMY AT CRALE

His Friends, His Ambitions, and His One Great Enemy

By Hugh Walpole

PART III

IT was during the last space before actual waking that the sea seemed to come right up to Jeremy's very feet.

Leeson was a fanatic about fresh air (not in those days so obvious a matter of faith as now) and every window in every dormitory in his house had all night its "top off", as Mary, Jeremy's erudite sister, thinking of boiled eggs, once defined it.

On stormy nights the roar of the sea was something that would have disturbed new boys for hours had not their bodies been so weary and their souls so oppressively exhausted that sleep they must, were the Last Trump in their ears. Even in the smoothest summer weather the purr and murmur of it rustled about the beds and sang into the pillows.

There was not a boy but loved the sound of it, fine or storm, before he had been long at Crale — and there are those of us who all our days will miss it at waking.

There were nights when Jeremy dreamed his very body and soul away, others when weariness was so heavy that the iron gates dropped down, and drugged with deep heaviness he lay, a little corpse. On the nights when the dreams came the sea came with them, sometimes not until the last, the water rushing up, splashing fanwise in stretches of green and emerald over the flat, shining rocks, tearing the shingle, then sighing again with an ironic croon of disillusionment.

Wherever he had been until then, riding a gigantic white elephant through a jungle of tea leaves, kicking Staire down an endless flight of glassy stairs, having tea with Uncle Samuel in a balloon like a football and waiting with panic and dismay for the godlike boot that was to descend and kick them both into space, or presenting Leeson with a Bill for Damages, a bill so long that it stretched across Coulter's and the tail of it fell over the rocks and into the sea, or swinging like a monkey from tree to tree through a garden of purple trees and white hyacinth — always the end of it was this sharp plunge into salt water, first to sink into dark green depths, then to rise and, so borne on the breast of a giant wave, be carried like an Emperor far up the shore.

The clanging of the bell sounded even through the rush of the surge. But knowing it for what it was, he would yet struggle on not to recognize it, clinging with his naked toes to the bare glittering rocks, shouting his defiance to a relentless wall of rock that mounted and mounted. . . .

His last and most desperate hold was through his sense of smell. The salt savorless tang of wet seaweed that popped under your thumb, the crisp, fierce, cold-white salt of the stinging

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wave, the glass-like surface smell of the wet rock, hard and cool as your own naked shoulder, the warm crumbling smell of the hot sand myriad-shining under a fierce sun, the pink echoing scent of the shells, too faint to be named a smell, too friendly to be disregarded; then, best of all, the warm, smacking smell of the roaring sun on back and buttock, like the tang of friendly fingers and the hot dry contact of sunburnt arm against sunburnt arm; last of all the dry papery smell of the shirt that had been lying sun-bathed on the rock as you pulled it over your head, sinking for a moment your nose and eyes and mouth into that choking clothy odor, starchy and homely with the sudden sharp cold contact of your fingers against the round white buttons. . . .

Again and again Jeremy had all this in his nostrils before he took the last leap into active consciousness — then the clang of the bell scattered it to nothing, and yawning, rubbing his eyes, in another instant he was out on the floor, his nightshirt flapping about his calves, pouring the water from the shining tin can into the shining tin basin.

So little time was there between the shrill summons of the beastly bell and the moment of Call Over (which *was* in truth but a moment so that it would be missed only too easily, and the consequences of that missing only too irritating), that no one had a thought of conversation. Everywhere water was splashing in and out of basins, some boys stripped, some boys didn't. Some, and these for the most part the harassed new ones, were always later than they ought to be.

Every dormitory held a cubicle and every cubicle sheltered the magnificent body of a Sixth Form senior. And it was somebody's duty to bring that Majesty hot water in a lordly jug; but thank heaven it was Jeremy's duty no longer.

Just now it was the duty of a small round fluffy new boy who was like a ball of worsted or a startled canary or a persecuted dormouse. Jeremy was vaguely aware of him as he scuttled down the passage between the beds and the basins with the can of hot water. In the distance he heard him cursed and thanked his destiny that he himself was a new boy no longer.

He had in fact reduced this five minute dressing to an exact science — an instant from bed to washing stand, an instant pouring out the water, an instant naked and chill with all the breezes of heaven about your body, then shirt, trousers, collar and tie as though you were one of those music hall men whose profession it is to be Napoleon, George Washington, and Henry Irving (hat, wig, and waistcoat complete) in one blinding flash. To such a science had he brought this that he could afford now to clean his teeth, a process that he oddly and obscurely enjoyed — oddly because there was no other boy in Leeson's who did not either avoid it altogether or curse it for a grandmotherly penance.

Then, dragging on coat and waistcoat at one and the same moment, he would be across the passage and down the stairs and waiting in Long Hall for Call Over or ever the First Prep Master (poor yawning devil!) had turned the corner.

He prided himself on his discipline. Save once when he had been on the sick list with chickenpox he had never missed a Call Over — yes, something efficient about that!

But First Prep was a horrible affair. Our more recent and saner education has decided that it is not the wisest thing in the world for small boys from

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eight years upward to sit in a classroom icy cold without food in their stomachs at seven of a winter's morning. The tradition was fine, even though infants caught in the discipline of it maladies that lasted them a lifetime. Jeremy caught nothing during this chilly hour, not even education. He was always at this time but half awake, and had the long bare room been warm he and his fifty companions would, master or no master, have happily slumbered. But your position, huddle though you might over your book, was, as it were, peaked on an iceberg. There was humiliation in it, too, for this was the only hour of the day when the Middle Form Study boys were compelled to prepare with the common herd. Common they looked to Jeremy, faces white and drawn under the hissing gas. He was no snob, but it's amazing what two days in a Study can do for you!

This morning he was in no way tempted to slumber, not because fifteen lines of "The Georgics" compelled his attention, but rather that he had matters of the very gravest import to consider.

But before he could put his mind truly into these he was disturbed by a sort of sniffling, whistling noise close at his side. He looked around him with a sort of burglar-like agility, a grace and artifice acquired by all small boys so that you may do anything from "noughts and crosses" and gambling halfpennies to carrying on an exchange of notes with a correspondent half a room away and yet, it seems, not wink so much as an eyelid.

So, studying attentively his "Georgics" he realized that the sniffling came from the same small round fluffy new boy who had carried that morning the dormitory Head's hot water.

Crale, at this period of its life, had not developed the magnificent separated Preparatory Department that it now possesses, and infants were hurled into the maelstrom of its turbulent life, their lips yet wet with their mother's milk.

This child, as Jeremy observed, was nine at the most and looked considerably younger than that. His clothes, dusty and disheveled, were huddled onto him, his hair was ruffled, his collar stained with ink; but with all this, as Jeremy yet further observed, he looked a clean sort of kid and a decent.

Jeremy had no sentiment about suffering new boys. He had been through it himself and thought it quite natural that others should go through it, but something in the sound of that secretive persistent sniffling both irritated and touched him. He scribbled on a scrap of paper — "Don't blub, the chaps will rag you if they hear you, Cole" — then twisted it into a dart and flicked it — brilliantly efficient with constant practice — onto the infant's book. It was picked up, read; then two large and watering eyes stared in his direction, a faint and ill determined smile also came his way. He frowned back. He felt that he had been a fool. He was not in any case going to have the kid trailing after him. But his purpose was accomplished.

The sniffling ceased.

Meanwhile he had matters of the utmost importance to consider.

This row of the evening before threatened to develop into something of considerable seriousness. It had in its inception been so sudden that he could scarcely remember how it had all started. Over that picture of Uncle Samuel's of course, but that had been like the origin of all great wars, a small spark to set the stack ablaze! Of

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course it was the fact that he and Staire had been spoiling for a fight for the last year. And if this had been simply a personal matter between the two of them — well, there was no harm in that. All to the good that it should come out into the open. But at a personal matter it was obviously not going to rest!

Already the whole of the Lower School in the House had taken it up, and this was only third day of term!

It happened often enough toward the end of terms when nerves were jaded and everyone was sick of the sight of everyone else that small conflicts should break out — but so early as this!

The fact was, as he dimly recognized, that the younger half of the House had during the last year been taking sides in Orange and Lemon fashion behind either himself or Staire.

Staire, although unvindictive and not by nature cruel, had the attitude always of Grand Seigneur to his rightful peasantry, while Jeremy was democratic not from any set philosophy but rather from laziness and an easy good humor. It was the "swell" thing to admire and follow Staire, the rebellious and defiant thing to believe in Stocky Cole. There was, further, the ancient rivalry of cricket and football, and beyond that, again, the eternal principle in the hearts of all small boys that they must follow something or somebody.

Had there been in Leeson's at that time other prominent Middle School figures, the rivalry would have been dissipated; but by chance, there were none. The Middle and Lower School was a world to itself, with its own traditions, superstitious catchwords, codes of honor, and this world was again in every House separated from the worlds of the other Houses.

Well and good then. But the trouble was that Jeremy did not want a "scrap" this term. For one thing it promised to be the most important term of his school life and all his energies must be concentrated on the football possibility. He was most anxious to come into no kind of conflict with the authorities. He had had, in the past, no small reputation as a disturber of the peace, but he had come back after the thoughtful resolutions of these last holidays with a resolve toward quiet and dignified conduct.

This resolve had been strangely strengthened by his odd conversation yesterday with Leeson. Of course Paddy had talked "an awful lot of rot", but there *had* been something in it. Paddy had put him on his honor as it were, and, although he would never admit it to himself, his pride had been tickled by the suggestion that he was of influence now in the House's affairs.

Every reason then to have no sort of row this term, and yet here, at the very start of things, was a row of the very first order promising!

Of course, if Staire and his set *wanted* to have a row they should have one. Jeremy would accept any challenge from anywhere — but he couldn't help but wish that they would think better of it!

Preparation was over. He hurried off to the Study. There, lying on his table, was a large, not ill drawn picture of a sheep with a human (more or less) face. And out of its mouth, balloon-wise, proceeded "Baa's".

Gauntlet coming in, Jeremy showed it to him.

Gauntlet was non-committal.

"Everyone's talking about last night", he said.

"Well, it wasn't my fault", Jeremy said defiantly.

"Of course it wasn't", agreed Gaunt-

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let. "All the same I'd stick that picture of your uncle's away."

"I'm blowed if I will", Jeremy answered hotly.

"Someone will come in and tear it up."

"Let them. My uncle's got dozens more."

"Has he?" Gauntlet inquired politely.

"Look here", Jeremy said huskily. "If you want to be Staire's friend you jolly well can. You needn't think, just because we share a Study, that you've got to be on my side."

Gauntlet faintly flushed. "I'm not on anybody's side. I think it's all awful rot. What have you got against Staire, Stocky?"

"I don't know." Jeremy shuffled his feet. "He's all right, I suppose. What's he got against me for that matter?"

"I don't think he's got anything", said the budding diplomatist. "I think he'd like you if you'd let him."

"I'm not going to let him", said Jeremy. "I don't want Staire to like me."

"There you are then", said Gauntlet. "It's your fault."

"No it isn't", said Jeremy. "I don't like him but I don't want to scrap with him all the time. I don't want to scrap with anyone this term."

"Shall I tell him that?" asked Gauntlet.

"No. I'm blowed if you will. He'll think I funk him."

"Oh no he won't", Gauntlet answered, a moment of real sincerity coming to him. "No one thinks you funk anything."

Here was a tribute, but Gauntlet's tributes were always suspect.

"You see," Gauntlet went on, "all the kids in the Lower School are keen as anything on you two keeping it up. It'll go awfully far if you don't stop it. Crumb and Baldock have been round already this morning making all the new kids swear that they loathe you or they'll get their bottoms kicked."

Jeremy swore in a fashion unknown to his relations. "If I catch Crumb—" he began.

"Morton and Frewer and some of the others have been just as bad on your side. It's pretty rotten on the small kids because whichever way they go they'll get their bottoms kicked."

Jeremy frowned. He looked at Uncle Samuel's picture and wished it in the deeps of the sea. Then suddenly, for no obvious reason, he wanted to kick Gauntlet.

"And now you'll go and tell Staire everything we've said."

This roused Gauntlet because it was exactly what he intended to do.

"Oh, if you're going to take it that way," he said, moving off, "settle your own mess."

"I never asked your advice anyway", said Jeremy.

"Who said you did? All right, you needn't get ratty."

"Who's ratty?"

"You are."

"No I'm not."

"Of course you are", Gauntlet retorted. He had his final fling before he left the room. "That's just what's the matter with you. Think you're God Almighty."

Yes, there was no doubt but that a new life was sweeping in on every side. There was, for instance, Parlow to be considered.

Two hours spent that morning in his educational company showed Jeremy one thing most plainly.

Parlow's liking for certain boys and dislike for others would be the most striking feature of that term's work.

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Parlow did not at first sight seem to be the kind of man who would have favorites. Big and red and jolly faced as he was, you would have said, to look at him, that he would be fair above everything. Jeremy had, in the past, seen in dim distance Forrest who had had to leave, it was said, because his passion for favorite making went to such lengths. Forrest had been a little, mousy, timid, large spectacled creature. It was natural that he should be an ass. . . .

It was partly, perhaps, that Parlow put much energy and feeling into everything that he did. Chaps said that when he was angry the very room rocked with his shouts. To see him in his shirtsleeves glaring at an offender was a sight worth going miles for, so everyone said. And, on the other hand, Jeremy knew from the very first lesson that he had ever had with him how charming he could be.

He liked Parlow for this very naturalness. Normally he would have hated a master who made favorites — all boys did — but in Parlow's case it was not resented because behind it was a true passionate admiration for good work, good play, courage and honesty. He didn't like boys for the silly soppy reasons that moved masters like Forrest — because boys sucked up, were sycophantic, pretended to do anything that they were told. He would dislike a boy of that kind, he simply could not endure sluggishness whether mental or physical, and any kind of cowardice was a red rag to him.

At the same time, it was hard on the boys who were terrified by anger. They might be brave enough in other ways, but the sight of a raging bull (in whose absolute power they were) simply paralyzed them and scattered such brains as they had to splinters.

There was a boy in the form, Standing by name, who had already suffered a year of Parlow's hostility, and Jeremy saw at once that the sound of Parlow's voice was enough to drive any idea out of his head. Jeremy could not understand being like that. If Parlow was going to rage at him it would simply make him stillborn and obstinate.

But Parlow was not going to rage at him. It was plain enough to everybody that, among the new boys in the form, Jeremy and Staire were to be the favorites. Here once again they were brought into rivalry.

Parlow treated them in different ways. He joked with Jeremy and was serious with Staire. It was clear enough that of the two boys Staire had the better brains. He had very good superficial brains indeed. His mind was accurate and clear. He did not work very hard, but fortune was always on his side in showing him the easiest way out. Mentally as well as physically he was neat and alert and extremely civilized. He could reject at once all the things that socially would be of no use to him. He thought clearly because the thing itself mattered very little to him. The result of his making a success of the thing mattered everything. He was in this class, as he was in his House, a little apart from everyone else, as though he were of another race.

Jeremy on the other hand was in the thick of it all. If he didn't grasp a point he fought to grasp it as though he were a bulldog hanging on to an enemy. His struggles were obvious to everyone, and because they were courageous and honest they amused Parlow.

Sometimes he was slow and sometimes he was quick. Sometimes he was lost altogether. Sometimes the smallest detail would lead him astray so that he wandered miles afield. He didn't

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look like a poet, but beautiful things said and done and represented moved him as they would never in all his days move Staire. On this very morning Standing made some blunder over his Virgil and the tempest broke. Parlow's anger on this occasion was cold, icy, bitter. Standing, who was a thin, rather good looking boy of Jeremy's age, sat down, white, his hand trembling against his desk. A moment later Jeremy, called on to translate, made a blunder similar to Standing's. Parlow, jokingly, abused him —

"You're an ass, Cole", he said, "but not such a silly ass as you want me to believe."

"Yes sir", said Jeremy, and smiled. The whole form knew that Cole would be, this term, a thunder averter. Good for Cole.

Coming out of class at midday he encountered Jumbo and they walked together across Coulter's to the fields beyond where, standing on a flat, ancient looking rock, you could behold the sea.

Today the sea was white and green like a ruffled parrot's wing and the brown fields ran down to it, under the wind, as though driven with flicks of a giant's whip. The clouds came in galleons through the trees, pressed full-sail, eager, urgent, hurrying about their business, and gulls were like fragments of these clouds scattered on the soil. It was a fine day for energy and determination and so Jeremy felt it; but amazingly Jumbo, the stolid and immovable Jumbo, felt it even more.

Yes, Jumbo was excited as Jeremy had never seen him before. The scrap yesterday was the cause.

It seemed, although he had never said much about it, that he had always loathed Staire and resented his dominance. Now there was to be a fight, an open hand-to-hand fight, and he would be in it.

"It's all very well for you to talk", said Jeremy gloomily. "But it's no joke for me. There's Paddy just been jawing me about my being an influence in the House and on the very second day of term I start what's going to be the worst row I've ever had."

"It isn't your fault", said Jumbo. "You didn't start it. He laughed at your uncle's painting." Then he added, inconsequently, "What you ever stuck it up there for, I can't imagine. You might have expected chaps would rag it. Anyway, there's no reason Staire should."

"A fat lot you know about painting", Jeremy answered rudely. "If you want to fight Staire you can, and you'll be nicely licked too. I don't want a row, what with the footer and everything. But of course if he laughs at my uncle he's asking for it."

Jumbo had stayed in Polchester and had met Uncle Samuel. Why Jeremy was so keen about him, he did not understand. He had himself been afraid of him, and thought him a dirty looking man. The arts meant less than nothing in Jumbo's life. But that was Jeremy's affair. He was Stocky's friend, and if someone laughed at Stocky's uncle that was enough.

He was in fact freshly alive. Eagerly he began to outline to Jeremy all his plans for the campaign. The thing was to organize the small kids. To find out exactly who were on the right side and who were not. To divide them into regular bands under proper commanders so that they might perpetually harass and worry the enemy, to devise plots and scheme manœuvres. . . .

Jeremy cut his eagerness short. Jumbo this morning was irritating him exceedingly. Jumbo often did irritate

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him. Why? He was his best friend. They had been so much together that they ought to understand one another. Jeremy felt that he understood Jumbo down to his very last button, but Jumbo did not understand *him*. Why? What was lacking?

He was not in general a psychologist, but he did at this moment, his hair blown in the wind, facing the green and wrinkled sea, consider friendship.

He was anything but sentimental, and yet he wished that in one way or another Jumbo were more important. Some fellows had marvelous friendships, friendships in which you talked about everything that was in your mind, and thought one another simply wonderful.

He did not think Jumbo wonderful — not at all. Jumbo was Jumbo and never, no never, anything more.

He turned restlessly away and, as he moved, saw a boy near to him gazing at the sea.

At the instant that he saw this boy something happened to him. He stared at him as though he had known him all his life; yet, as far as he was aware, he had never seen him before.

The boy was considerably older than himself, thin, pale faced, not in any way remarkable to look at. He stood, gazing at the sea, motionless, absorbed. His face was reserved, quiet, and in some way remote and austere. Jeremy felt at once that this boy was everything that he would himself like to be. He did not know why he felt that. He simply was certain that he would listen to every word that this boy said as though it were law. He was oddly and most unusually excited.

"I say," he twitched Jumbo's arm, "who's that?"

Jumbo, who was irritated because his warlike plans had been unexpectedly rebuffed, answered sulkily: "I don't know. Where?"

"Over there."

"Oh, that . . ." Jumbo studied him. "I know, he's a fellow in Frost's. He's in the Sixth. His name's Ridley."

"How do you know?"

"He goes to Toft for drawing when I do. He's jolly good, too. But that's all he *is* good at. He's awfully stuck up. He never speaks to a soul."

Jeremy stared.

They walked away slowly. Jeremy stared back.

"He looks awfully decent."

"Oh he's all right, I expect."

Jumbo turned once again to his plans. What had happened to Stocky? Any other time he would have been as keen as anything at the prospect of a real rag. . . . Perhaps he wasn't well — had eaten too much. . . .

Jeremy frowned and kicked the turf with his boot.

Yes, that was what he would *like* to be. Quiet. Dignified. Looking at the sea and thinking. His name was Ridley. In the Sixth. Frost's. Oh, what was the use? He'd never meet him. Unless he took up drawing. But what was the good? He couldn't draw for nuts.

Ridley. He'd like just to speak to him. But of course he never would. You never met fellows in another House unless you played in the same game or were in the same form. And the Sixth . . . miles and miles away.

He sighed then, ashamed of himself, ragged Jumbo, and they tumbled, like a couple of puppies, into the noisy confusion of Coulter's.

I shall, I hope, be forgiven if for a moment I leave Jeremy and bring forward a very small and, in the eyes of most persons, unimportant individual who was, however, to play a

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considerable part in this crisis of Jeremy's life.

He did not of course know that; when he came to Crale he was aware of nothing but that he was going to an enchanting place where he would be forever playing enchanting games. He had been there now for three days and had already discovered that he was slightly at fault in his anticipations.

His name was Charles Bentinck Morgan. His age was precisely nine years and one month. He was the child already noticed by Jeremy, already nicknamed by his companions the Dormouse.

He was an only child. His father was a prosperous and honorable member of the London Stock Exchange, his mother a charming lady, first cousin of Janet Poole's and thus related to most of the families in England. This is to imply that Charles Bentinck Morgan had spent those nine years of his in the most perfect surroundings, hedged in with people who loved him, who, indeed, adored him. Because he was an only child, and because there was no chance that there would ever be another, his father and mother worshiped him with a dangerous devotion, yet they had not spoiled him.

He was not spoiled because he had a nature like a puppy's, happy, trusting, and always on the side of good fortune. It seemed to him that life was a lovely affair. He could not conceive of anything better. He loved every dog and every dog loved him.

It was because he was an only child and had known every comfort and pleasure that his father decided not to send him to a Private School (where he might be petted and indulged) but to plunge him at once into Crale.

His mother was afraid, but then all mothers are nervous. She was sure, moreover, that her husband was always right. Then young Charles's own supreme confidence confirmed theirs. Because he was an only child he had never had enough of the company of other children.

He loved other children, any child who would play with him. But in the big London house, when children came they were inclined to be overwhelmed by the splendors and the ceremonies.

Charles, having been much with grown up people, had an air of old fashioned courtesy as host. There was always a little division between himself and the others. Down in Leicestershire it was the same. Although he had in himself no conceit or grandeur his position isolated him.

Then, because he was a good deal alone, he lived much in his own imaginary world. His mother, who was beautiful and gentle, told him stories that had been told her in her own childhood and that she herself still half believed. The two of them would sit on a summer's evening in the garden of the Leicestershire house and stare at the great oak on the lawn and watch the sky pale through the lattices of the dark leaves, and see the moon rise above the evening scent of the flowers. It seemed then no unlikely moment for Oberon and Titania to appear. . . .

So it was time perhaps that Charles Bentinck Morgan should go to a real workaday school with no nonsense about it.

And indeed Charles Bentinck Morgan was panting with eagerness to be off!

He could not be so greatly distressed at leaving Mother as he ought to be. This departure seemed to him merely a beautiful interlude in a beautiful adventure. There would be boys, as

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many boys as he could possibly want. He imagined them to himself scattered all about the Leicestershire lawns, boys and boys and boys, all laughing and shouting, crammed with suggestions for new games so glorious that the day would never be long enough to enjoy the half of them.

His father had told him that there would also be work to do; he was not at all frightened at the prospect of that. He was very fond of reading, had learned a lot of poetry, and knew an astonishing amount of English history. Cœur-de-Lion, the Black Prince, Henry V, Nelson, Wellington, were his familiar friends, and would often come and talk to him under the big oak on the Leicestershire lawn. No, if learning more about men like that was work he had nothing against it. . . .

His father took him down to Crale. Father and son were strangely alike. Morgan Senior was tall, which Morgan Junior was not, and Morgan Senior was not fat, which Morgan Junior at this moment I am sorry to say was inclined to be. But they both had the same fair hair round rosy faces, and a rather childish babylike stare in their blue eyes. They both gave an impression of supreme cleanliness and English unsubtlety. Morgan Senior was about as English as a human soul can manage, in these international days, to be: that is, he had no imagination but deep feelings, no strong perception of other psychologies but a tender and almost feminine kindliness. He would not tread on a woman if he could help it but would shoot thousands of birds, chase a fox all day, and torture a salmon for hours at the end of a rod and line. He was so honest that foreigners loved him and laughed at him. He adored England and patronized all other countries without a doubt as to the justice of his patronage. He loved his wife and his child so deeply that he never said a word or thought a thought about it.

Morgan Junior was like his father but *also* like his mother. He showed his feelings as his father had never done. He was the child of both his parents.

Arrived at Crale, Mr. Morgan had tea with Mr. and Mrs. Leeson, received an impression of good English tradition and splendor from the Crale buildings and surroundings, and, tipping his son liberally, departed.

Young Charles, in the company of several other new boys, was led by Leeson into the Locker Room where the Lower School boys had their kingdom. Each new boy was given a locker into which he might cast his cherished private possessions. Leeson then returned to further interviewing of anxious parents.

It was then that the Dormouse felt his first faint chill of apprehension, the first of all his young life. He was surprisingly aware that he missed his father and had a strange choking sensation in his throat. The room was a babble of noise and, in the middle of this, the new boys clustered together like sheep in a pen.

But they did not cluster together in any very friendly fashion. Each regarded the other with acute suspicion, as though he were a spy or traitor. The Dormouse, looking at them, felt that they were, none of them, exactly the friends that he would have chosen to play with him under the garden oak. The room was bare and ugly beyond belief and the noise in some way fierce and alarming.

The boys, too, seemed to him all very large and strong. None of them looked at him with kindly smiling face, nor did he feel that he wanted to join

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in their games, which seemed in a strange way to be compact of anger and insult.

Then someone cried: "I say! New boys!"

There was a rush in the direction of the helpless sheep, then a battering of noisy mocking questions:

"What's your name?"

"Who's your father?"

"Who's your mother?"

"When did you see your aunt last?"

"Who did you kiss most before you left home?"

The new boys received these questions each according to individual character. The most were terrified and showed it; one with plastered fair hair and a thin shaped face answered with eager sycophancy and in a moment had given some smutty reply. One boy stood frowning, answered nothing, and when at last someone pinched his arm let out wildly with his fists and was involved immediately in a confusion of dust, collars, and jackets. One boy began to cry, which delighted everybody, and they danced a ring round him, singing:

Cry-Baby, Cry-Baby,
Wants his Mammy,
Wants his Mammy,
Ooo! Ooo! Ooo!

Young Charles was at first unnoticed. He stood, bewildered, staring wildly from one to another. Then a large stout boy who seemed to be about to burst from his clothes discovered him.

"Hullo! What's your name?"

Terrified at the unkindly voice and threatening eyes he gulped:

"Charles Morgan."

"Charles Morgan! Charles Morgan! . . . I say, here's Charlie Morgan. What's your mother's name?"

No answer.

Then he said something filthy and entirely beyond young Charles's comprehension.

No answer.

The boy caught his arm and twisted it. The noise now was deafening. No harm intended by anyone. A little natural Jungle savagery.

Only a year or so before these same tyrants had been themselves the victims, had endured a week or two's exquisite misery and loneliness and helplessness and then, for the most part, passed a noble and carefree independence. Moreover, no loneliness and isolation would ever again be quite so sharp and painful as this loneliness and isolation, so that these first weeks of torture made them free forever of life — of its brutalities, selfishness, unconsidering cruelties. This great merit in our public school system then — it stiffens your back for anything. It is only the too imaginative who are more than temporarily bruised, and even they not forever. There are prizes for those who suffer the severest unknown to the others, and it is these who often in the end love their school with the finest devotion.

But young Charlie Morgan might not see so far into the future. It is the tragedy of childhood that its catastrophes are eternal. And something, some confidence and pure happiness, departed there and then in that Locker Room at Crale from Charles Morgan's soul, never again to return.

His arm twisted, his body kicked, his hair tumbled, he was at last flung back against a locker and so left and forgotten. The boy who cried was the most interesting. He was actually asking to be returned forthwith to his home and mother, the most amusing thing that a new boy can do.

Young Charlie stayed where he had been put. He did not cry, he did not

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move, he just stared in front of him. His collar was torn, there were large patches of dust on his trousers. His arm and legs ached. But he was conscious of none of this. He was only aware of one thing and one thing only, that he must return to the Leicestershire lawn with the utmost possible speed and never, never, NEVER, come near this place again. . . .

After a while he realized that he was forgotten and, keeping close to the locker as though the rest of the room were an open angry sea in whose waters he would inevitably be drowned, he crept to the door and passed out into a long and empty passage.

This passage was hung with overcoats, and, governed by the conviction that the only hope of safety was complete obscurity, he climbed onto the projecting boarding and then hid himself in one of the coats completely.

Here in this stuffy, choking darkness he stayed trembling. Little shivers of apprehension ran through his body. He had the wisdom to know that he must not think of his mother or the garden or his father because then he would cry, and he was determined not to cry. That seemed to him the most important thing in all the world, that he should not cry.

Meanwhile an emotion, entirely new to him, was slowly dominating him — fear. He was afraid because there was *no one* to turn to. As he had hung on to the lockers so now he clung to this coat, because one step meant danger. He was isolated utterly, and would be so isolated, it seemed, forever and ever. The only thing — yes, the only thing was, when no one was looking, to creep and creep until he found a door into the open and then to run and run and *run* until he was back under the oak in Leicestershire.

He was not, on this occasion, however, to be left long to his own reflections. He was found and dragged from his hiding place by a boy whom all his life he would remember with loathing and horror, the boy already mentioned as an active adjutant of Staire's, the boy Baldock.

Now Baldock was not at all a bad boy — not bad to look at, being brown and rosy like a pippin apple, not bad in character, being generous, humorous, and ungrudging — but he had more energy than he knew how to use, no imagination, and at his present wild age of fourteen or so that proper allowance of unthinking cruelty that, let fond parents deny it or no, is contained broadly in the half savage nature of all normal small boys.

Walking idly along, he saw Charlie's boots protruding from beneath the coat. He dragged him out and pulled him to the ground. Charlie, dishevelled as he was, round and plump, fluffy haired, wide eyed, and rosy cheeked, had exactly that helpless immature look of any young bird fallen from its nest that appeals irresistibly to any young savage.

Really, if you had Baldock's exuberance and sense of fun you would be compelled to do *something* to this helpless fledgling. So Baldock, grinning with innocent amusement, twisted Charlie's arms, squeezed his head under his arm, pinched his legs, and in general playfully ill treated him.

"You're just like a dormouse", he said laughing. "Wake up! Wake up!" And he pulled his ears—as you dig a doll in its stomach to mark its squeal.

Baldock, as he looked at him, liked the kid. He dragged him along the corridor, pinching him as he went. A lucky find! This Dormouse should be his especial property.

(To be continued)

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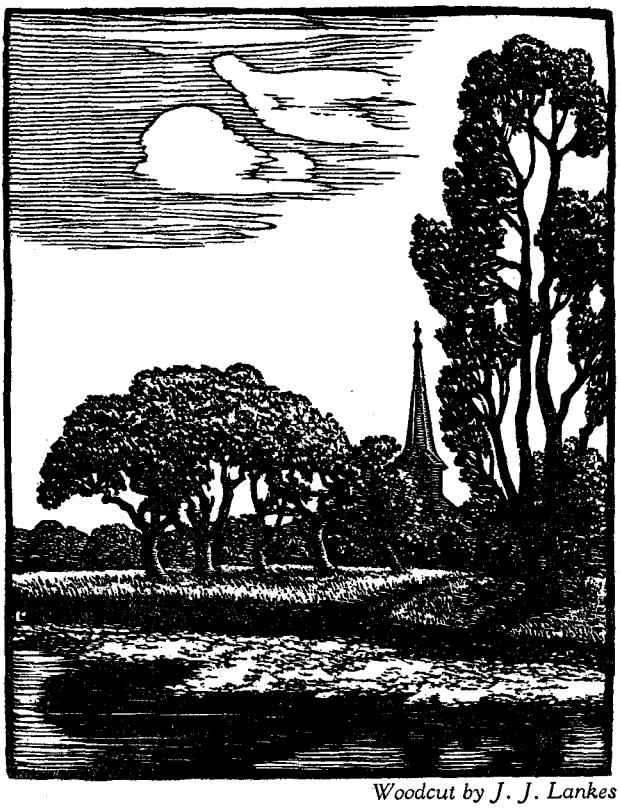

Woodcut by J. J. Lankes

TREES

By Marion Strobel

TREES see themselves in water, growing old,
And spread their branches proudly, even dare
To throw a backward shadow on the gold
Of buttercups, and green of maidenhair.
Trees are not envious of youth. They lean
Nearer the water as the years go by,
And see themselves reflected and serene
Upon the blue reflection of the sky;
And see their shadow, when the sun has set,
Make on the ground a purple blossoming,
Like a more vast, more fragrant violet
Than all the fragrant violets of spring.

Trees do not die of age: they only spread
Their branches still more proudly—and are dead.

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THE LONDONER

Mr. Shaw, Mr. Hardy, and the Nobel Prize — Mr. C. P. Scott an Octogenarian — Allen Upward, Belfort Bax, and Clement Shorter — Some Spurious Memoirs and the Moral — A Libel Action by a Publisher, and a Libel Action by an Author — And the Results of Both

LONDON, *January* 1, 1927.

THE wonders of the world are innumerable, and the thoughts of those who award the Nobel Prize for Literature will never be known to the outer world. But one can see that something strange has arisen in those thoughts when one learns that for the second time within a very short period the award has been made to an Irishman. I suppose that most English people who take any interest at all in such matters have hoped that the Nobel Prize would be given to Thomas Hardy, merely as a gesture to one who is generally regarded at this day as the greatest living creative writer. To those people the selection of Mr. Shaw will be, not merely a disappointment, but a blow. It would have been a very pleasant salute to a man who stands upon a quite unassailable peak of literary eminence. Nevertheless, I gather from the dropped words of highbrows of my acquaintance that Mr. Hardy has not at this moment the universal suffrage that he enjoyed say ten years ago. One sees and hears less frequent commendation of "The Dynasts", the followers of the arid school of modern fiction regard Mr. Hardy as too fruity, too rich, and — alas! — too fortuitously tragic a worker for their taste. To them he is a bygone. Already the fashion has changed, and it appears that great men must suffer from the vagaries of fashion in much the same way as lesser men. So I think that in speaking above of "most English people", I was thinking of those who are old enough to admire the great without wishing to belittle them, for the sake of advancing the cause of their own coteries. The highbrows nowadays laud Bach; they toy with Donne, the Restoration authors; they love the odd in art and the eccentric in modern letters; and they are impatient of any author or authors whose work arouses emotion. It is for this reason that Mr. Shaw is admired by the highbrow. He is an intellectual. He exalts intellectualism. It does not matter that Mr. Shaw's intellectualism is entirely different from the sterilities of the highbrows. It is enough for the highbrows that their withers are not wrung. He does not make them suffer. He merely stimulates their jaded minds, and they are made to feel things in reading his work. Therefore among the highbrows the choice of Mr. Shaw as the recipient of any contemporary honor will be a cause of pleasure. I am personally sorry that the award has been made to Mr. Shaw rather than Mr. Hardy — not because I do not admire Mr. Shaw tremendously, but because Mr. Shaw can quite well do without such an award. Mr. Shaw's fame is worldwide. He is affluent. He is much loved. And he is still, at the age of seventy, a very young man. If I had been upon the Nobel committee, I should not have given the prize to Mr. Shaw, at any rate not for another ten years. At the same time there is this to be said: As

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far as I know the Nobel award is made for the best work of an idealistic tendency, and there can be no question that Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan" is a work of idealistic tendency. Mr. Shaw, that is, has come in his middle age to the great point of "uplift". If a prize is to be given at all for literary work — and I am no believer in prizes, especially because I do not expect ever to receive a prize myself — the particular standard by which that work is to be judged must be taken into account. The Nobel Prize, like the Pulitzer Prize, is awarded apparently upon ethical grounds rather than upon grounds of abstract literary excellence. You cannot expect one of these prizes to be given to the work of a highly pessimistic writer; and I assume that as most books are written without thoughts of prizes, no writer of any serious literary work will complain because he is not honored in this especial way. I should like all recipients of large money prizes to behave as Mr. Shaw tried to behave. He tried to accept the honor while rejecting the cash, at the same time specifying the use to which he thought the cash might be most excellently put. It was a good thought. Recollection of it reminds me to say that the two small prizes which are administered in England each year — the Hawthornden and the James Tait Black — should in my opinion always be given to those authors who really need the money. In the case of the Hawthornden this rule — I suppose other things being equal — has been applied; but that is not so with the James Tait Black. I do not recall the recipients of the latter, but I believe they have almost always been successful writers, to whom the money has been merely a gratuity. Mr. Shaw's prize will be turned to good account. He proposes to apply it to a fund for the translation into English of important Swedish works. If this scheme prospers, Mr. Shaw may well be a benefactor to English letters. But perhaps some part of the fund might go toward the translation into Swedish of a few deserving English books? After all, the Nobel Prize has periodically to be awarded, and perhaps in another ten or twenty years it may be again the turn of an Irishman.

* * * *

A man whose courage has never been less than Mr. Shaw's, although the two men have disagreed often enough and will continue to disagree until the end of their lives, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday. This is Mr. C. P. Scott, proprietor and editor of the "Manchester Guardian". Where Mr. Shaw is a Socialist, Mr. Scott is a Liberal. The difference is enormous. And yet Mr. Shaw, I am quite sure, would be the first to acclaim the sincerity of Mr. Scott, who has edited the "Manchester Guardian" for so many years with such ability. In Manchester, I believe that the "Guardian", owing to its politics and its principles, often enough arouses the anger of Mancunians; but these, although they may rage and rail, never cease to read the paper. Also, however much they may dislike it, they cannot help being very proud of the "Guardian". The paper is above suspicion. It is one of the few newspapers worthwhile which will print news and views in direct opposition to the opinions expressed in their leading articles. After all, that is the only sane plan, since a spoon fed public is ignorant and fickle; but for one reason or another spoon feeding is found more profitable by other newspaper owners, so that credit should be given to Mr. Scott for his stand in favor of truth and candor. In the

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"Manchester Guardian" one will find large numbers of facts which are suppressed by other papers. And one can read it with self respect. Mr. Scott is fanatical about drink, and he is blindly devoted to Mr. Lloyd George, whom he regards as the natural leader of Liberalism in this country. He is wrong upon both points; but his convictions are sincere. Nor are they the convictions of an old man. Nobody, seeing Mr. Scott, would suppose him to be anything approaching his actual age. That sturdy body, now very slightly bent, that fine head with its white hair and beard, might belong to a man little more than sixty. And Mr. Scott's mind is equally vigorous. Ask any man who has ever worked in the Manchester office what he thinks of Mr. Scott, and you will understand what loyalty a born leader can inspire. It is remarkable. A little fear, great respect, tremendous affection, and an absolutely overwhelming pride mark all those who have worked under Mr. Scott. May his life and work continue unimpaired! He is one of the few journalists in the world who command unquestioned that respect which only integrity can create and, what is more, maintain.

* * * *

While Mr. Shaw, at the age of seventy, and Mr. Scott, at the age of eighty, have been receiving the rewards of long life in the eyes and in the service of their fellow countrymen, other men, also familiar names to those who read books and periodicals, have lately been withdrawn by death from the familiar battleground. I refer to Belfort Bax, Allen Upward, and Clement Shorter. Of the three, it is probable that the least gifted was the best known to the general public; but even in saying that I may be guilty of an injustice. Clement Shorter's career was that of the journalist, and no doubt his contribution to illustrated weekly journalism was considerable. In regarding him as the least distinguished of the three men I was recalling old days when Allen Upward, whom I never saw, was contributing to the brilliant Mr. Orage's brilliant "New Age". Having first, for its immediate literary interest, read Jacob Tonson's "Books and Persons" (an "occasional causerie" which rarely failed to appear each week) my friends and I used to read Mr. Orage's dazzling notes upon the general situation, and used then to turn to the column headed "Foreign Affairs" by S. Verdad. This column I always understood — with what truth, I do not care to say at this distance — to be the work of Allen Upward. But Upward's name was well enough known as that of the author of various strikingly original tales of adventure, of modern wars, of very weird happenings. He was a man of considerable intellectual power, not an especially brilliant writer, but well and closely informed, with a gift for dashing into the unknown and returning with some treasure which was as astonishing as it was unexpected. At the time of his death, Upward was engaged upon the writing of a Life of Christ; exactly how much of it was written I do not yet know. What I *do* know is that when this work is published — if it comes to be published — the contents may include some material revealing unmistakably the striking power and originality of Upward's intellect. I should back this book, if it is equal to Upward's best work, to make something of a stir. Which reminds me to say that there is still no news of Sir Hall Caine's "Life of Christ", although the veteran author, I understand, is daily besieged by clamorous editors who want to be the

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first to hand segments of this work to an eager and omnivorous public.

Of Belfort Bax I know little except that he was a perfectly terrific anti-feminist. He prepared a number of social and historical studies, and in this field may have done good work; but his anti-feminist publications were spoiled by stridency. Moreover, I do not think Bax was a particularly logical person, and as logic — or the semblance of it — is of much use in debate, the lack of logic was a handicap. In matters other than debate logic is useful, though not essential. In literary criticism, for instance. Irrelevance is quite the fashion nowadays in literary criticism. Irrelevance was quite the characteristic of the late Clement Shorter. Remarkably enough, I met Shorter for the first time only in 1920, when I attended a meeting of the Omar Khayyam Club as the guest of Shorter's friend (and mine) George Whale. But I had known him by sight since the days of childhood. In those days, while pursuing my usual tasks, I often saw Shorter — a very thickset little figure, with bunched black hair, thick glasses, a black mustache, and a heavy, Jewish looking face, one arm loaded with books, and a general air of blindness and absorption that was often mistaken for self satisfaction. I knew him, as I say, by sight; and then I heard stories of him. He was for years a great crony of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, though latterly the two were slightly estranged. When I met him, Shorter's hair was grey, though still worn in a thick cluster behind his ears; and he immediately did to me what he was in the habit (I believe) of doing very generally to others — he proudly invited me to come down to his home in Buckinghamshire and inspect his library. The library was famous. It must have been quite remarkable as the collection of a working journalist, for Shorter was a genuine bibliophile. In this respect he differed from his friend Nicoll, whose library, although containing many books, proved to be of little value to collectors. Shorter always denied that he was a Jew, and claimed to belong to an East Anglian family, but this did not prevent men from repeating the assertion. The fact is of no importance. What is interesting is that he founded and edited "The Sphere" and "The Tatler" and at one time had considerable influence as a critic of books. That he had unerring taste I think nobody nowadays would assert. On the contrary, he would praise bad books with the utmost generosity, and when alone with his pen would often enough convert the pen into a bludgeon and take the life of some unfortunate whose temperament displeased him. Owing to the fact that authors have many lives, most of them endured Shorter's disapproval quite comfortably, and Shorter bore no malice. His vanity was that of a bibliophile. He collected little manuscripts and letters, and put them out in privately printed editions which he would give to his friends. Each week his literary letter would appear in "The Sphere" and carry messages about books into homes where "The Sphere" was taken for its pictures, and he would go about talking books, books, books, until books seemed to be his sole interest in life. That they were not his sole interest is shown by his second marriage and by an amusing story once told me by one who was present. The scene was Shorter's club, and the hour that of lunchtime. Shorter, arriving late, called for steak-and-kidney pudding (in itself an excessively substantial dish for the middle of the day). He

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was told that there was no steak-and-kidney pudding left. For a moment the news overwhelmed Shorter; but rallying, he philosophically said: "Oh, well, never mind, I had it for breakfast."

* * * *

The London sensation of the moment is the publication of a book of spurious memoirs, the exposure of the fake, and the arrest of the supposed writer. The book itself is written in very bad journalese as well as abominable taste; and it is as difficult for me, as for the rest of the world, to understand how it came about that the publishers were hoodwinked. A publisher is expected to take reasonable care that what he publishes is genuine, especially when the contents of the book can possibly lay him open to legal action; and though I sympathize with a famous house in its misfortune, I feel that this particular book carries fraud upon its face. Appetite for sensation must indeed be greedy if it will continue to swallow such fakes. Nor is "The Whispering Gallery" interesting or amusing. All the "persons" of the book talk exactly alike; the gossip related is the sort of stuff — even if it were genuine — that a waiter might have pieced together. The notion that any distinguished diplomat could write in such a way as this is ridiculous. Take a scene in which Mr. Belloc is described as telling dirty stories to Mr. Bennett, simply as an instance. The writer admits that he knew neither men; he repeats nothing of the conversation; all he claims is that he was in a London club, eavesdropping. Now it should be quite clear that a gentleman has other things to do. If he were the diplomat he pretends to be and were sufficiently interested to hear a conversation, he could very easily (in the circumstances) arrange to make acquaintance with Mr. Belloc and Mr. Bennett. If he did not care to meet them, he would never put so stupid a story into print. A story such as this is just the kind of story which a hanger on would invent, so as to bring in two men whom he did not know. The whole attitude of the writer, in fact, is that of a hanger on. I am amazed that the publishers were deceived. And since it has been suggested that a well known man of letters wrote the book, using the accused writer merely as a go between, I should like to emphasize the fact that the book is badly written, and that the invention shown is on a par with that of those who concoct spurious personal chatter for the cheaper newspapers. No genuine man of letters could ever have had a hand in such a book. The man who has been mentioned, moreover, could very well have told (from his own personal experience or from his own invention) many stories more pointed, more illuminating and more amusing. The book is a bad book and its publication has been a bad matter. But it is only the culmination of a general abuse of the art of memoir writing. The demand for gossip is now so insatiable that genuine memoirs, in which some slight discretion is occasionally shown, are insufficient to fill the minds and mouths of hungry readers. Fake books of memoirs, accordingly, have for years been flourishing. We have had innumerable collections of anecdotes about the dead and the living, untrue and feeble. This, I hope, is the last of them. Publishers, perhaps, will dread to publish more of such books. They will be frightened of legal proceedings. If such a state a mind can be induced, then we may have some chance of clearing the world of one form of garbage.

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Speaking of actions recalls to me the fact that we have been enjoying (is that the word?) two legal actions of an unusual kind. A firm of publishers has brought an action for libel; and an auther has brought an action against a periodical, also for libel. The publishers were Messers. Methuen and Company, the subject of the action was a charge of fraud made by a second hand bookseller who specializes in works by and relating to Oscar Wilde, and the result of the action was a verdict for the publishers. It seems that a Mrs. Chan Toon, after offering the rights elsewhere, sold to Messers. Methuen a play said to be by Oscar Wilde, called "For Love of the King: A Burmese Masque". Messers. Methuen, the publishers of the collected edition of Wilde, brought the book out in their uniform edition. Christopher Millard, known to all students of modern literature as "Stuart Mason", became suspicious of the authenticity of this play, and felt it his duty to declare the view he had formed. He did so by writing a letter to the booksellers of Great Britain and Ireland in which he said that "with the assistance of Mrs. Chan Toon (Mrs. Wodehouse Pearse) this eminently respectable firm of publishers has succeeded in foisting upon an unsuspicious public 1,000 copies of a book at 8s. 6d. net, for which, but for Oscar Wilde's name and the imprint of Methuen and Company, Ltd., no one would have paid 8½d." Naturally enough, since Messers. Methuen believed they had taken reasonable care beforehand in satisfying themselves that the work was by Oscar Wilde, they felt bound to take some action. Hence the unusual course. The authenticity of the book was not made an issue of the case; what really concerned Messers. Methuen was the word "foist", which seemed to them (and ultimately to the jury) to imply bad faith upon their part. Narrowed thus, the question was easily decided. Nevertheless, other publishers testified that they had been offered the book, and had refused it as a fake, and it seems possible to me, viewing the matter from the outside, that if Mr. Millard had omitted Messers. Methuen from his indictment he might at this present moment be in possession of the money which he has to pay in damages and costs. It must have been quite apparent to him that a firm of the high standing of Messers. Methuen would never assist knowingly in the work of deceiving the public in a matter of this kind. Unfortunately, Mr. Millard was too much in earnest to think of possible libel actions. He felt that he had a duty to perform. This action shows how hard the path of duty may be.

* * * *

The other action seems to me to have been almost frivolous. A novelist, essayist, and dramatic critic named James Agate has sued the "Guardian" (a widely circulated church newspaper) for saying in its review of his book "Agate's Folly" that:

> Mr. Agate's chief interest is in the theatre; and the fact that he is now regarded as one of our leading dramatic critics illustrates how pitifully that important branch of criticism has deteriorated, and explains a great deal that is wrong with the modern stage.

The words complained of were absurd enough, and irrelevant enough; but the damages awarded by the jury in this case were not inappropriate. They were one farthing. If all authors who are assailed in this way were to bring actions for libel, the courts would most assuredly be crowded.

SIMON PURE

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ROOSEVELT—MAN OF LETTERS

By Charles W. Ferguson

THE tragedy of Roosevelt seems to me to lie in this: That he was a man of remarkable literary talent who is known chiefly for his politics. For this he was himself in a large measure to blame. He succumbed to his lust for combat, descended into the arena, and, in consequence, became eternally categorized by a people all too ready with the label. All of which was his own affair and not the business of posterity to lament. What I bewail is simply that our view of the man has been obfuscated by political hatred and adoration, that our one way national mind has led us to approach him principally as a political badger.

Take my own case. In the section where I spent my youth, Roosevelt was as popular as Sherman. For twenty years he remained to me nothing but a pair of glasses and an ominous set of teeth. I mimicked him in a local talent election in high school and won the plaudits of my schoolmates by carrying a .45 six shooter onto the stage and declaring the other candidates to be contemptible chicken hearted wretches with no abilities whatsoever.

We Americans are not satisfied until we have made every person fit into a type. That is precisely what we have done with Roosevelt, so that he is to most men a deity or an epithet, depending on the point of view. It cannot be denied, of course, that he really was a prodigious American. In him dwelt bodily the fulness of the nation's ideal. He was, I must confess, typically American. It is only fair that he abide in the American fancy as a statesman and an earnest advocate of his political ideas. I do not wish to appear contemptuous of statesmanship as a profession. World affairs are important enough, I suppose. What I want to suggest is that, apart from being a patriot and a Republican, Roosevelt bore the hallmark of a genuine man of letters and, had he devoted his life altogether to composition, he would have gained for himself a position in American literature equaled by few other men. That the excessive activity superinduced by his political interests prohibited the fullest development of his talents is of course obvious from a reading of his later writings. But the fact remains that, with all his outside duties, Roosevelt slung a wicked pen, and he rates distinction for his excellent writing as well as for his handling of some questions of world importance.

In evidence I offer selected passages from the National Edition of his works, recently issued. Consider the way in which Roosevelt wrote of the chase. I am quite sure that Mahatma Gandhi would enjoy his stories about bagging the blacktail deer. Being much of a sentimentalist myself, I was for years revolted by the man's predatory habits, advertised by his sitting on the head of a lion and baring his teeth to the African sun. I could not see how any man could be so admired for his slaughter. But after I had read "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and other of his early essays, I saw at once. It was merely that Roosevelt wrote

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well of what he did. Done with the same skill, his stories would be just as delightful if they told of killing Christian missionaries or of the difficulties of scientific agriculture.

It is the minuteness of his observation that, among other things, makes his works on hunting so readable. I doubt that he ever killed so much as a grouse without knowing its ancestry, habitat, and chest expansion. Indeed his only cruelty was in so thoroughly establishing the animal's identity as to make one feel almost as if a personal friend had been shot when the end came. His knowledge of the animals he slew was exceeded only by his adroitness in telling of their slaying. As for his own feeling about the spirit of hunting, he said: "There is no need to exercise much patience with men who protest against field-sports, unless, indeed, they are logical vegetarians of the flabbiest Hindoo type."

This big game hunter possessed a remarkable eye for the trivial, and his writing is enlivened by references to things and incidents important only because he introduces them skilfully and makes the reader see that they are interesting. Hens were as engrossing to him as buffalo. In sheer delightfulness, his little stories of pack rats and skunks compete favorably, I believe, with any in literature; his story of the young cougar and Pot, the pup who lived in a German sock, is one a person could never grow too old to appreciate. Passages such as the following are frequent:

> When hungry, a cougar will attack anything it can master. I have known their killing wolves and large dogs. A friend of mine, a ranchman in Wyoming, had two grizzly bear cubs in his possession at one time, and they were kept in a pen outside the ranch. One night two cougars came down and after vain efforts to catch a dog which was on the place, leaped in the pen and carried off the two young bears!

Of course the vigor of the man crops out in what he has to say about animals. It suffices to cite the Colonel's humorous view of lambs:

> The sheep-herders are a morose, melancholy set of men, generally afoot, and with no companionship except the bleating idiots they are hired to guard. No man can associate with sheep and retain his self-respect. Intellectually a sheep is about on the lowest level of the brute creation; why the early Christians admired it, whether young or old, is to good cattlemen always a profound mystery.

As a critic of writing on hunting, Roosevelt shone even more than as a creator of hunting yarns. It is when I read his study of "Books on Big Game" that I wish most acutely that he had eschewed the fleshpots of politics and dedicated himself single-mindedly to the task of writing. Perhaps he would have lived to pronounce upon contemporary letters, and I can imagine that his essays would have been gobbled up with marked avidity. In one place he says:

> Multitudes of books have been written about big-game hunting. Most of them are bad, of course, just as most novels and most poems are bad. It cannot be said that as yet big-game hunters as a whole have produced such writers as those who dwell on the homelier and less grandiose side of nature. . . . Thoreau, it is true, did go to the Maine woods; but then Thoreau was a transcendentalist and slightly anemic. What could Burroughs not have done if only he had cared for adventure and for the rifle, and had roamed across the plains and the Rockies and through the dim forests, as he wandered along the banks of the Potomac and the Hudson.

Perhaps it was because he knew so well the essentials that he could see so clearly the failures in many books on big game:

> No great enthusiasm in the reader can be aroused by such a statement as, "this day walked twenty-three miles, shot one giraffe and two zebras; porter deserted with load containing spare boots"; and the most exciting events, if chronicled simply as "shot three rhinos and two buffalo; the first rhino and both buffalo charged",

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become about as thrilling as a paragraph in Baedeker. There is no need of additional literature of the guide-book and cookery-book kind. But there is need of a certain amount of detail, and of vivid and graphic, though simple description. In other words, the writer on big game should avoid both Carlyle's theory and Carlyle's practise in the matter of verbosity.

He remarked that one otherwise capable writer was

afflicted by that dreadful pedantry which pays more heed to ceremonial and terminology than to the thing itself. He was sincerely distressed because the male of the ordinary American deer was called a buck instead of a stag; and it seemed to him a matter of moment whether one spoke of a "gang" or "herd" of elk.

I must not leave the impression that I am writing of Roosevelt as an animal man and with no regard for his humanism. He had, I think, as much insight into folks as he did into sheep. To me there is much of uncanny perception and high appreciation in the following:

He was also a good-looking fellow with honest brown eyes; but he no more knew the difference between right and wrong than Adam did before the fall. Had he been at all conscious of his wickedness, or had he possessed the least sense of shame, he would have been unbearable as a companion. But he was so perfect and easy, so good-humoredly tolerant of virtue in others, and he so wholly lacked even a glimmering of suspicion that murder, theft and adultery were matters of anything more than individual taste, that I actually grew to be rather fond of him.

Most of the quotations and references above have had to do with the books which Roosevelt wrote in his early days. I have said that there is a manifest lessening of quality in the books which he wrote while immersed in the political stream. This may not be unqualifiedly true, and there will be disagreement over the statement. It is patent that his right hand never wholly lost its cunning. His presidential papers read better than many novels and they rank, I suppose, among the most dignified and permanent of our state documents. Certainly they were the most interesting of the lot I had to read in History 52. He remained a voracious reader, a confidant of books, and his poorest works exhibit a meatiness many of our contemporaries would do well to emulate. He gave currency to some of the choicest terms in English speech, and coined other phrases which bear the hallmark of unmistakable ingenuity. "Race suicide", "submerged majority", "waging peace", are terms which served their purpose and that of their designer in a most effective way. All in all, Roosevelt at his worst was not half bad, and I do not remember that the Democrats ever charged that he could not use the language of his native land.

However, there is in his later essays an improvisation unbecoming to one of such great talent. His "Literary Essays" are especially disappointing, for they were for the most part written at his public prime and they are, by all standards, the most unliterary collection of the lot. They were published in "The Outlook", "The Atlantic", and other periodicals, and I can almost see him dashing them off at a stenographer's rate between trains or conventions. Also, many of them are spoken addresses captured by a reporter or, at best, prepared for spoken utterance. His "Autobiography", too, must perforce fall into the same class with his "Literary Essays", for its serialization forced the Colonel to do his daily stint in order to fill the contract. One can scarcely believe that the same man who wrote "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" should one day write no better an autobiography.

It is in bringing to light at this crucial time the innate literary ability of Roosevelt that the National Edition

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strikes me as particularly valuable. No man can read his works without a clear recognition of his importance as a literary figure. I am aware that this recognition has not been altogether lacking. But I insist that it has been regarded as a matter of secondary importance. Everyone knows that Roosevelt loved his country, organized the Rough Riders, and was twice president of the United States. And those who are acquainted with these facts will find in his collected works much to fan into new heights their flame of admiration. On the other hand, there are those who cannot get excited over politics. These benighted folks will find his works well worth the reading simply because they are so unspeakably interesting and so revelatory of literary genius.

With five of the season's smartest novels unread, with the lurid jackets of new magazines tempting me, Roosevelt has kept me up into the small hours of the night, long after the cat should have been put out, until I went at last like a dumb driven quarry slave, only to dream that a hungry cougar had me by the ear and would have devoured me had he not been felled by the intrepid Teddy.

Those who have made the National Edition possible — and it is splendidly designed and edited — have, in a sense, helped to roll away the stone from the tomb of publicity in which Roosevelt has reposed. He stalks forth, as resurrected as Lazarus ever dared be, a virile and thoroughly likable man of letters.

The Works of Theodore Roosevelt. National Edition. Edited by Hermann Hagedorn. Charles Scribner's Sons.

SONG

By Langston Hughes

ROCKS and the firm roots of trees.
The rising shafts of mountains.
Something strong to put my hands on.

Sing, O Lord Jesus!
Song is a strong thing.
I heard my mother singing when you hurt her:

Gonna ride in ma chariot some day.

The branches rise from the firm roots of trees.
The mountains rise from the solid lap of earth.
The waves rise from the dead weight of sea.

Sing, O black mother!
Song is a strong thing.

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THE NEW YORKER

Musical Comedies Old and New — Two Studies in Accents — Constancy in High Life — Noel Coward's Latest — Belasco's Western Spree — Sorel is with Us

TREADING swiftly on the heels of the departed "Iolanthe", which has not entirely left us since it is to be performed three times a week, is "The Pirates of Penzance", which Winthrop Ames offered this month. The Gilbert and Sullivan version of how pirates do and dare has substantially the same cast as in the previous production, and is presented with all the suavity and skill of which Mr. Ames is past master. It was the first time we had seen the classic, and we insist that we liked it better than "Iolanthe", although, having expended so many adjectives over that performance, we find ourself in the embarrassing position of indulging in vain repetition or else of seeming lukewarm. That, we certainly are not. "The Pirates of Penzance" is funny enough, gay enough, and tuneful enough to provide amusement for many a generation of theatregoers yet to come. Youngsters of today are discovering it for the first time, but the array of grey and white heads scattered through the orchestra was proof positive that many had not forgotten. These good people, who must have found the average "girl" show of Broadway thin fare indeed during all these years, were obviously proud and contented. Just a little smug, we thought, as if they were saying or at least thinking, "Well, the old days were best after all." Everybody in the cast worked with a will, and all were excellent with the exception of Ernest Lawford, to whom something seems to have happened. In "Iolanthe" he was the life of the party, but in "The Pirates" he appeared strangely dull. His songs were mouthed in such a way as to make the words incomprehensible, and he hopped about in a casual manner as if he really didn't care whether he was there or not. We couldn't be distressed by it, however. The rest of the show was too good for that.

Turning from the old to the new, very new indeed, we found "Oh, Kay!" one of the brightest musical comedies we had seen in many a long night. This is the piece by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse which was specially built around the personality and beauty of Gertrude Lawrence, who has blossomed from several Charlot Revues into a play all her own. Having left the lamented Miss Lillie languishing somewhere in the provinces, she stormed the citadel of New York and captured it the first night. There is a reason for this. Miss Lawrence is not only lovely to look at — that is usual enough — but she can sing and dance as well, and, rarest of all in a musical comedy actress, she acts. George Gershwin has written more tuneful music in days gone by, but it is pretty enough to fill the bill and all of it sounds new. We should have been perfectly happy if Miss Lawrence had managed to include in her performance a revival of the famous "Limehouse Blues", but one cannot ask everything in so sparkling an evening, and besides Mr. Charlot might object.

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The Theatre Guild offered for its second production of the season Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion", and shortly thereafter "Ned McCobb's Daughter" by Sidney Howard. Totally dissimilar, the two plays are at least studies in dialects. "Pygmalion", as everybody knows, concerns Henry Higgins, the professor of phonetics, who can spot you by your accent, be you from Mayfair or Chelsea, and it further concerns his experiment with Eliza Doolittle, the Cockney flower girl, who by the application of voice culture is to be trained to pass as a duchess. This delightful rôle of Eliza fell to Lynn Fontanne, who brought to it a great deal of humor and wisdom. We are not sure that she was actually like a duchess in the last act, her lessons learned. The only duchess we know is fat and French, with a figure like a charwoman, who whistles through her teeth when she talks; but perhaps she is not a very good example of what a duchess can be, so we should not judge. Miss Fontanne, however, suggested to us a beautiful show girl, posturing, say, on the witness stand or in a finale of the "Follies". On the whole, "Pygmalion" was delightful — as fresh and undated as when it came from Shaw's pen, although to be sure the chief firecracker in it failed to explode. This is when the "duchess" inserts the dreadful word "bloody" into her otherwise polite commentary. No one in America was ever shocked by it, and in England the use of it is received with hardly more than a raised eyebrow now. And so as Miss Fontanne strolled from the stage after using it with some satisfaction, the only stir in the audience was the sibilant whisper of explanation to those not versed in Shaw or the Mother Tongue. Young theatregoers raised on such plain fare as "What Price Glory" and "Seed of the Brute" looked slightly dazed, but managed to preserve their decorum.

In "Ned McCobb's Daughter" Sidney Howard offers a study in Maine accent, with a dash of Boston and New York slums thrown in for good measure. The fact that the cast, with the exception of Clare Eames, did not come within a mile of faithful reproduction of the broad "a" complicated by the peculiar nasal twang of Down Easters, marred for us what was really an excellent play. The majority of playgoers should not, however, be made unhappy by this inability to imitate one of the most difficult of accents. The Bangor man who accompanied us demonstrated freely in the lobby during an intermission and was promptly taken for a westerner from the Dakotas. That being so, the generally spurious accent, or rather accents, employed by the company should be considered authentic. But the play itself is bully, compounded of a spicy mixture of Maine shrewdness and sentiment. It concerns the trials of Carrie, the daughter of Ned McCobb, whose husband is faced with arrest for misappropriating funds from the ferry boat on which he works. Her troubles are further complicated by the arrival of her brother-in-law, an engaging rascal, who would appear to be king of the bootleggers. His nefarious proposals would make Carrie a lawbreaker, but they would also provide the money to save her husband. How she effects a clever compromise between the law and the underworld is Mr. Howard's own story, and you had better see the play to learn it. Clare Eames did as fine a piece of work as we have seen in a long time, getting into her rôle an accurate portrait of the hard headed, hard driven, and essentially sterling woman who makes up so large a part of the population of tiny towns and

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THE DRAMA SHELF

"The Witch" by John Masefield (Brentano). Alice Brady's most recent vehicle, adapted from the Norwegian of H. Wiers-Jenssen. (Reviewed on this page.)

"The Captive" by Edouard Bourdet (Brentano). The delicately understanding translation by Arthur Hornblow, Jr., of the play that is repeating in New York its Continental success.

"Ned McCobb's Daughter" by Sidney Howard (Scribner). Another fine drama that is proving of great interest to theatregoers. (See page 731.)

"Still Waters" by Augustus Thomas (French). A three act play dealing with prohibition which provoked much comment upon its presentation in the national capital.

"The Drums of Oude" by Austin Strong (Appleton). The surefire one act thriller, and two other short pieces by the author of "Seventh Heaven".

"Canadian Plays" edited by Vincent Massey (Macmillan). The first of two volumes of short plays by native writers that have been produced at Hart House Theatre, Toronto.

"Plays for Strolling Mummers" edited by Frank Shay (Appleton). Eight brief plays suitable for the little theatre with limited scenic equipment.

"John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist" by R. H. Coats (Scribner). Mr. Galsworthy's characteristics and proclivities reduced to something of a statistical report.

"The Book of Play Production' by Milton Smith (Appleton). A detailed handbook by a Columbia University instructor who knows the needs of little theatres, schools, and colleges.

"Shakespeare and Ibsen" by H. G. Dalway Turnbull (Blackwell). A lecture delivered at Oxford in 1925.

"Dollars and Chickens" by Fred Ballard — "An Errand for Polly" by William Cary Duncan and Adelaide Matthews — "The Family Upstairs" by Harry Delf — "Children of Today" by Samuel Shipman and Clara Lipman — "Applesauce" by Barry Conners — "Politics" by Aaron Hoffman — "Charm" by John Kirkpatrick — "Under Twenty" by L. Westervelt and John Clements in cooperation with Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet Ford — "The Fool" by Channing Pollock — "The Detour" by Owen Davis — "Friend Indeed" by Clayton Hamilton and Bernhard Voigt — "Easy Payments" by George V. Hobart — "Three Bears" by Edward Childs Carpenter — "So This is London" by Arthur Goodrich — "Cristilinda" by Monckton Hoffe — "Give and Take" by Aaron Hoffman (French). A boon for the amateur is this collection of full length plays — some of them Broadway successes — in inexpensive paper format.

"The Bungalow Bride" by Edward E. and Augusta Raymond Kidder (French). One of those one act trifles in which the girl, in disguise, wins mother-in-law's heart.

farms. Alfred Lunt was expansive as the bootlegger, his gold toothed smile making the stage glitter. Margalo Gillmore seemed the least convincing. Her conception of the little slut from a mill town was so refined that we simply could not believe it. However, she was charming and wistful, and played her last scene of poignant emotion to perfection.

Poor Alice Brady has played in hard luck so far this season. Her first piece, "Sour Grapes", seemed admirably suited to her gifts, but the theatregoing public would have none of it and presently it was withdrawn. Then Miss Brady selected for her next vehicle "The Witch", John Masefield's adaptation of a morbid Norwegian tragedy dealing quite explicitly with how in-

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offensive old women and pretty young ones were burned at the stake in the days of witches. Miss Brady as Anne Pedersdotter gave a brave and convincing performance of the toils which enmesh one as the result of illicit love, but wise ones knew the play was failure bound so soon as the second night. It was entirely too grim a spectacle for a public bent only on entertainment. Others in the cast lagged so far behind Miss Brady that as usual she shone like a strange and lonely jewel in a dull setting. Some day, we predict, a part is going to be handed to this actress which will keep her on Broadway for a year or more. We hope it will be soon. One of our prime favorites has been exiled too long.

Another favorite who has returned to Broadway after a considerable absence is Ethel Barrymore. Probably she saw no reason for deserting vaudeville and "The Twelve Pound Look" until a play came along which she really wanted to do. And of course there was no reason. Doubtless at the age of ninety four Miss Barrymore will still be playing Barrie's wistful little comedy to infatuated audiences for long periods on the road, and no one in the big city will have forgotten her. In "The Constant Wife" she has now found a part which does her justice, and she in turn brings much to it. We said once that Frederick Lonsdale wrote the wittiest dialogue of any playwright extant, but now we calmly remove that wreath of laurel from his brow and place it firmly on the head of W. Somerset Maugham, the author of this present piece. We imagine it will remain there for a considerable time as far as we are concerned. It is not so much the theme of "The Constant Wife" which is delightful, as the way wherein it is treated. The fault, if fault there is, lies in the first fifteen minutes of the play which are entirely too clever. Here the smart sayings are tossed around so rapidly that the mind grows dizzy and one is under the impression that one is reading a joke book— a scintillating one to be sure. But after that the playwright gets his stride, and the evidences of his delicate and pointed wit seem perfectly convincing and inevitable. Mr. Maugham is here attacking and satirizing the conventional conception of marriage. He takes all the old fables of lifelong ecstasy, wifely fidelity, and the dual standard and tears them into shreds before our eyes. Constance Middleton — Miss Barrymore — was hard put to prevent her friends and relatives from telling her of her husband's liaison with a pretty woman. When finally the murder did come out she averted a scandal by her quick wit and refused to forgive anybody, saying that she had nothing to forgive. A few Victorian ladies in the audience raised their eyes piously at such charity, but in the last act Constance gives her husband a taste of his own medicine by leaving for a six weeks' jaunt in Italy with a former suitor. And so irrefutable is her logic that he agrees to take her back on her return. One leaves the theatre wondering whether Constance really wanted this interlude or whether she wisely put herself in the position where she could have nothing for which to reproach her husband. That would have been a temptation in years to come. Miss Barrymore as the constant if faithless wife was charming, and at the proper moments she allowed her gorgeous throaty voice to stream forth with its old power. An excellent cast supported her, with Frank Conroy as the lover doing particularly interesting work.

Another play recently presented dealing gaily with infidelity in the

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marriage state is Noel Coward's "This Was a Man". We are no great admirer of Mr. Coward's work, feeling that it is often light to the point of flippancy; but with his new play he has done rather better than with those preceding it. Here again we have the familiar triangle — this time a wife with a lover, and a husband who knows all about it. "This Was a Man" was not allowed in London, for no particular reason that we could see. Possibly because the husband does not make a scene over his wife's adulteries, but quietly arranges for a divorce when she steps over the boundaries of what seems to him legitimate passion and becomes promiscuous. If the theme itself prove a bar, then the stage has lost one of its oldest stock devices, and it will nevermore see a considerable number of productions from Shakespeare down the line. Anyway, this portrayal of good breeding, like "Young Woodley", had to come to America to be seen. Quaint people, those English. Francine Larrimore as the guilty wife was as attractive as a rather sordid part would permit, and A. E. Matthews as the tolerant husband was his usual negligent self, which is to say, very good indeed. Mr. Matthews succeeds in giving less of an effect of acting than any other man on the stage. He is supremely natural. Others raise their eyebrows, roll their eyes, and purse their mouths in an effort to show that they are playing a part and know it, but who gains by these facial acrobatics we do not know. Certainly not the hardened theatregoer who knows what trick to expect before it is exhibited. Mr. Matthews, having no tricks, is always a pleasant surprise.

During the month David Belasco offered for his annual melodramatic production "Lily Sue", a play of the west in the early nineties. Mr. Belasco seems to have gone western. Not so long ago he was exhibiting a cowboy yarn in which Fannie Brice was permitted to make some of her famous faces, and now this one. Willard Mack, who had a hand in "Fanny", has both fists in this — not only did he write it but he acts the big hearted sheriff as well. Yes, "Lily Sue" is one of those things. Virtue in distress, murder in the foreground, lynching in the background, and all the rest of it. Curtis Cooksey made a handsome and believable hero, but the honors of the evening fell to Beth Merrill who as Lily Sue gave a splendid performance of a hard boiled virgin keeping her suitors in order. She is featured in this production, but persistent rumor has it that presently she will be a Belasco star. And speaking of stars, the last scene in "Lily Sue" is embellished with one of the prettiest heavens we have ever seen — the Dipper, the North Star, and a lot of little stars all moving across the void with well ordered precision.

There is little else to report for the month. A number of plays died promptly and their theatres were filled by others. But none of the deceased was bad enough to deserve mention and none sufficiently good. The Shuberts presented Cécile Sorel in repertoire, and she was received with acclaim by audiences who knew what she was doing even when they did not understand her. We saw her in "Maîtresse de Roi" and thought that as du Barry she looked marvelously young and acted with great fire. The guillotine scene really chilled us, and when the thud of the executioner's ax cut off Madame Sorel's last scream we left the theatre almost convinced that murder had been done again. Those dear French, they spare us nothing.

LARRY BARRETTO

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* THE BOOKMAN'S *"Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

REVELRY — Samuel Hopkins Adams — *Boni, Liveright.* Thin fiction. Warren Harding as Willis Markham, the hero, Fall and others as supporting cast, and squalid Washington as stage setting.

THE EMERALD OF CATHERINE THE GREAT — Hilaire Belloc — *Harper.* A mystery story whose object is to be thrilling despite the fact that the mystery is disclosed at the beginning. The object unfortunately remains unachieved.

GOODBYE STRANGER — Stella Benson — *Macmillan.* Miss Benson becomes bitter at the expense of the American personality.

NINTH AVENUE — Maxwell Bodenheim — *Boni, Liveright.* An expression of liberal and enlightened thought that makes an unconvincing and rather silly story.

* EARLY AUTUMN — Louis Bromfield — *Stokes.* A book for southerners and westerners. New England decadence competently observed and brilliantly set down.

MITYA'S LOVE — Ivan Bunin — *Holt.* A Russian adolescent kills himself for love in a mood that has been skilfully built up for two hundred odd pages.

* HER SON'S WIFE — Dorothy Canfield — *Harcourt, Brace.* The mother-in-law is remarkable, not to say impossible, in this dexterous unfoldment of a generation's events.

MY MORTAL ENEMY — Willa Cather — *Knopf.* Stooping once more to conquer, Miss Cather has written another book of fine technique and exemplary brevity.

HARDY RYE — Daniel Chase — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Another version of the reasons why New England farmer boys leave home.

SORRELL AND SON — Warwick Deeping — *Knopf.* The appealing relationship of a father and his boy greatly labored yet humanized.

THE KAYS — Margaret Deland — *Harper.* The militant pacifist mother begets pacifism in her son, and thereby hangs a markedly individual tale.

* AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY — Theodore Dreiser — *Boni, Liveright.* Astonishing in vitality and breadth is this odyssey of an American evangelist's son.

* INTRODUCTION TO SALLY — Elizabeth — *Doubleday, Page.* The grocer's exquisite daughter is avalanched under male attention but crawls out unhurt in this book of pleasant nonsense.

* GALAHAD — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Another Hamlet in balloon trousers and enough of a peepshow to keep the reader from boredom.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HELEN OF TROY — John Erskine — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Tedious but popular colloquies in modern English and about modern morals. Helen remodeled and brought up to date.

* SHOW BOAT — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* As flamboyant and entertaining as the period it chronicles; libelous because it is humorous and honest.

WAYS OF ESCAPE — Noel Forrest — *Little, Brown.* Wife and daughters seek release from their patriarchal family life and find it in strange but proper ways.

* THE SILVER SPOON — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* More English manners and morals revolving about the perennially arresting Forsyte group.

* LABELS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* A financial patriot mingles with those who smelled powder. An excellent commentary on the question of who won the war.

* YOUNG ANARCHY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* A wise and exciting story of youth in its postwar moods. *(See page 738.)*

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* THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS — Ellen Glasgow — *Doubleday, Page.* There is pathos and humor in this splendid study of an old judge who believes steadfastly in his own virility.

BROKEN NECKS — Ben Hecht — *Covici.* Short stories of varying merit, but neither good nor bad enough to excite enthusiastic comment.

SEA WHISPERS — W. W. Jacobs — *Scribner.* Some of these tales are full of pathos, the others tell in broad comedy of the practical jokes played by three sailor chums.

THE UNDERSTANDING HEART — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* An altogether edifying account of upright people in far off circumstances.

THE BIG MOGUL — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Rather pleasing is this X-ray of a man who has a coat of bristling steel.

GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES — Anita Loos — *Boni, Liveright.* Wheezes from the dairy of a predatory female.

LIGHT FINGERS — Frank Lord — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The record of a boy's struggles to overcome the handicap of being born in prison.

SOME FOUND ADVENTURE — Robert E. McClure — *Doubleday, Page.* Quiet romance of a youth who found a dream in the war. (*See page 738.*)

HILDEGARDE — Kathleen Norris — *Doubleday, Page.* From poorhouse to mansion. Engrossing incidents strung together melodramatically by one who knows how to achieve her ends.

THE BEST BRITISH SHORT STORIES OF 1926 — Edward J. O'Brien—*Dodd, Mead.* Distinguished for its splendid examples of very short fiction and for its demonstration of variety in story telling methods.

THE DARK DAWN — Martha Ostenso — *Dodd, Mead.* Woman's tyranny appropriately affords the night and darkens even the dawn in this lugubrious novel.

THE PENFOLD ADVENTURE — Ralph D. Paine — *Houghton Mifflin.* An old maid in an old ship leads a treasure hunt in the Caribbean and crowns some love affairs too.

TOMORROW MORNING — Anne Parrish — *Harper.* A better piece of writing than "The Perennial Bachelor". (*See page 737.*)

BOUNTY OF EARTH — Donald Culross Peattie and Louise Redfield Peattie — *Appleton.* An idyl — half romance, half botany — of a young naturalist and his bride and their little home in the country.

HIGH SILVER — Anthony Richardson — *Dodd, Mead.* Well done and interesting, this English novel depicts the compromises life forces on an idealist.

CHERRY SQUARE — Grace S. Richmond — *Doubleday, Page.* This physician is less fortunate than Red Pepper Burns but just as well worth knowing.

TISH PLAYS THE GAME — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Doran.* If there is a more amusing character in fiction than Tish, bring her on — or him, for that matter.

BELLARION — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* Resplendent adventure draped about a gargantuan lad of mediæval Italy who won the Princess's hand at last.

YOUNG FOLK, OLD FOLK — Constance Travers Sweatman — *Morrow.* Naive pranks of the younger generation bewilder the fair minded old folk. The book overflows with witty conversation and humorous incidents.

NIGGER HEAVEN — Carl Van Vechten — *Knopf.* The blind bow-boy goes to Harlem and cavorts in cabarets.

* HARMER JOHN — Hugh Walpole — *Doran.* The finest of the Cathedral novels — a story rich in character and romance.

WEDLOCK — Jacob Wassermann — *Boni, Liveright.* The author of "The World's Illusion" produces a thoughtful and stimulating novel, dealing with one phase of that great institution — marriage.

THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE — Thames Williamson — *Small, Maynard.* Feverish fantasy of a wandering gentile who got that way in a scientific laboratory.

THE LESSER BREED — Mary Wiltshire — *Dodd, Mead.* A family curse becomes unpleasant in a very small English village.

BEAU GESTE — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* Far and away the best piece of raucous literature in a decade.

* BEAU SABREUR — Percival Christopher Wren — *Stokes.* A breathless account of an American girl among predatory sheiks. A French officer proves to be the *deus ex machina.*

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Cranford" by Mrs. Gaskell. C. E. Brock has done the drawings for a charming edition of this delightful perennial and, similarly, for "The Vicar of Wakefield" and Dickens's "Christmas Carol" (Dutton).

2. "Everybody's Pepys" (Harcourt, Brace). O. F. Morshead has abridged and Ernest H. Shepard illustrated the famous Diary. The combination is a delectable one.

3. "John Galsworthy — Grove Edition" (Scribner). The first four volumes of an eighteen volume pocket edition with large clear type, attractive binding, and moderate price.

4. "The Life of Benvenuto Cellini" (Dutton). The renowned autobiography illustrated with pen and ink drawings and contemporary portraits. John Masefield contributes an introduction to a companion volume of "The Travels of Marco Polo".

5. "Avowals" by George Moore (Boni, Liveright). These pungent criticisms, hitherto published in an expensive limited edition, can now be had for the price of a novel.

Anne Parrish's "So Big"

IT is seldom that a good book makes me angry. "Tomorrow Morning" (Harper) by Anne Parrish will sell thousands and thousands and thousands of copies. It has some of the quality of "So Big" and some of the quality of "Her Son's Wife", and it is written with all the charm and clarity of which Miss Parrish has proved herself a master. It will please every woman who wishes her son were a little boy again and safely asleep upstairs under the paternal, or rather the maternal, eaves. I started to write the following sentence, "Whereas 'So Big' and 'Her Son's Wife' are finely honest, 'Tomorrow Morning' is a horse of another color." This statement would be grossly unfair to Miss Parrish; for there is no good reason that I can think of why the events pictured in her new book should not have taken place. Therefore, it is not a dishonest book. It is, however, a woman's book from start to finish. The men get absolutely no chance. It is a mother's book, not a father's. It is reeking with a kind of subtle feminism which, while it cannot actually be labeled sentimental, skirts so dangerously along the border between sentiment and its sweet sister that, to me, the whole book glows with a sort of pink and feathery radiance, as if it were wrapped in an absurdly dainty quilt. Nothing that I can say will do Miss Parrish's book any harm. It is the last thing in the world I should want to do. Every literate woman in America will read it, but if the men do happen to pick it up, how mad it will make 'em!

The Arts of Leisure

J. B. PRIESTLEY, rapidly arising as one of the few real critics of his generation, must be also one of the few really genial souls extant. How else could he have conceived the idea of what promises to be one of the most companionable series of books put forth in some time? The volumes composing it verge on the subject of making the most of your time and are

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grouped under the heading "The Pleasures of Life Series" (Harper). What could be more appealing? The first two books, one bright green, the other bright orange, are from Hugh Walpole, on "Reading", and Mr. Priestley, himself, on "Talking". Both books should be owned. They will snuggle gaily into the rare corner of your library, and make all the other books feel a trifle happier for their being there. Mr. Walpole's, I fancy, is a bit the mellower of the two. It has a quiet amiability about it that is in the best tradition of the essay. Mr. Priestly dashes about more and is somewhat brittle; but he writes with wit and force.

To turn from these delectable pages to Messrs. Phelps and Tarkington dishing up philosophy in midstream is disconcerting, but profitable. Here we have our conservative critic and our conservative novelist considering the world, the flesh, and the devil. Both books are worth reading, eminently so, and worth studying. "Looking Forward, and Others" (Doubleday, Page) by Booth Tarkington and "Adventures and Confessions" (Scribner) by William Lyon Phelps belong, too, in your library, but not in the same room with "Reading" and "Talking".

Youth Rampant

PERHAPS no more difficult task ever confronts the reader than the reviewing of a novel by Philip Gibbs. While you are reading one of his stories you are carried away by his sheer ability to tell a story, to describe a romance, to keep the interest vital from page to page. Then, when you sit down pen in hand, you find that the ideas back of his story are so highly provocative that it is an essay you want to write rather than a review. "Young Anarchy" (Doran) is, I think, the most provocative of his novels and, in many ways, the most exciting. It is a story of youth, not the youth of "Soundings" or of the other so called younger generation novels of last year and the other years since the war, but of the new youth. The war generation is no longer young. The "younger generation" as a term has passed. Nor are his characters all young. We see ourselves there, those of us who approach middle age yet refuse to recognize it; we see our uncles and aunts, our parents and grandparents, all caught in the swirl of modern life, attempting to adjust old ideas to new, wondering if moral revolt and social revolt is really so different from the revolt of a generation ago, of two, of three generations ago. This is a book that opens vistas of alarm and of hope. It is a rattling good story. It is a splendidly shrewd analysis.

Over against it one places a novel from a young American of the war generation, "Some Found Adventure" by Robert E. McClure (Doubleday, Page). Mr. McClure, like Louis Bromfield, writes the solid novel, the novel of carefully documented character and event. He tells the story of a man whose great romance was found in France during the war. He tells it entertainingly and with beauty of writing and cleverness of characterization. Yet this is a curiously placid book for a young man to write. It is a wistful book written by one who is not a poet. It is a book which proves that Mr. McClure is one of the best novelists of his age in America but which, nevertheless, has not that quality of excitement and of reality to be found in the pages, say, of Mr. Fitzgerald or of Mr. Hume.

—*J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

KISSING AND TELLING

By Frank Swinnerton

THESE three books have one thing in common, and one only, that they deal with the personalities of living people. Mr. Gardiner, all that is discreet, collects into book form a number of vivid sketches and appraisements of his contemporaries; the author of "The Whispering Gallery" tells us a great variety of things which we do not wish to know and which we do not believe about celebrated politicians and monarchs; while Violet Hunt obeys the irresistible impulse to tell us all about it. She starts off to tell, but one thing suggests another, and that other yet another, and she chases a feather through a million distractions and breezes until we are almost completely bewildered. Well does Miss Hunt's subtitle speak of this book as "the story of my flurried years". There is a painful sense of flurry in the whole book — of a flurried mind, never still, never at peace, which cannot, for life itself, keep steady enough to insure coherence. And yet, in spite of its flurry, this book is the work of a brilliant, indiscreet, impulsive, and generous woman. It is written to express things upon which Miss Hunt's mind has long brooded; it is dramatic, sincere, full of emotion as well as perception. Not a good book, and a book which should never have been published. Yet such a heart searching book that, amid the leapings of Miss Hunt's mind, one jumps and dives in sympathy, becoming as breathless as Miss Hunt, and not at all impatient with her. The truth is that one resents the publication of such a book purely upon Miss Hunt's behalf. It will do no good. It will merely go to those who have a base interest in gossip concerning the notorious. Miss Hunt's friends needed no *exposé*, and those enemies whom she has made by her careless, eager tongue will smile with delight at her naïvetés. Those who will accept the book as a document are few. A few, also, may find pathological illumination in its pages. As for the others, lured by a sniff of scandal, by the hundreds of names which dot these pages — Henry James, Ford Madox Ford, Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, and the rest — I think it may well be that they will be bewildered. If, besides bewilderment, they find any power to analyze what they are reading, they may do justice to Miss Hunt's vivid portraiture. More, they are unlikely to do. The probability is that Miss Hunt's friends are the only people who will perceptively read Miss Hunt's pages. The rest of the world may find them too flurried, and the hero of them too little important and interesting to warrant his constant reappearances in the book's pages.

Mr. Gardiner is entirely different from Miss Hunt. He lives in a different world, a different atmosphere. To him, for the purposes of this book, "Portraits and Portents", a man is a human being to be separated from his kind, quietly studied, patted upon the back of the breeches, and dropped once again into his natural environment. The environment is not disregarded, of course, but it is deliberately made misty, so as not to interfere with the figure, as backgrounds in photographs

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are subdued to an almost uniform greyness. And Mr. Gardiner's humor and shrewdness and skill are great enough to present us with thirty seven beautifully neat little portraits — portraits which are recognizably like the originals. Not breathlessly impressionist, as are Miss Hunt's portraits, but sober pencil sketches from the model. They range from the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of England to Mademoiselle Lenglen and Jack Hobbs, the English cricketing genius. They dispose of Mussolini and of Winston Churchill, Lord Beaverbrook and Lady Astor, each of them with a humor and shrewdness which are expressive of the author's personality as well as illuminative of the personalities with which he deals. Mr. Gardiner is not unfair. He is remarkably generous. He is as clear as Miss Hunt is confused. He has not Miss Hunt's almost feverish search for the elusive. He satisfies his own common sense, his own mother wit. Not for Mr. Gardiner the thought of Browning's lover in the poem:

> Heart, fear nothing; for, heart, thou shalt find her!

For Miss Hunt — incessantly — yes; but for Mr. Gardiner, no. An orderly survey, calm, wise, and generous. For Miss Hunt all the torments of flurry. For the author of "The Whispering Gallery" only the laborious effort of the faker. Of the three books I have most enjoyed "Portraits and Portents". "I Have This to Say" is the work of one who has some of that quicksilver which we recognize as genius, but it would have been better unpublished.

I Have This to Say: The Story of My Flurried Years. By Violet Hunt. Boni and Liveright.

The Whispering Gallery, Leaves from the Diary of an Ex-Diplomat. Boni and Liveright.

Portraits and Portents. By A. G. Gardiner. Harper and Brothers.

HORACE GREELEY, THE EDITOR AND THE MAN

By Allan Nevins

DON C. SEITZ, in "Horace Greeley", has written the best popular life of Greeley that we have: not a critical life, not a remarkably acute estimate or vivid characterization of the man, and far from a really exhaustive life. His book of more than four hundred pages, handsomely illustrated, has a number of high merits and a number of sharp deficiencies. It is engrossing from beginning to end, as any animated narrative of Greeley's remarkable career must always be. It is thoroughly and justly sympathetic; one may well shudder to think what a biographer of the ultra-modern school, addicted to analysis by acids, might do to the childlike, erratic, uncouth editor. Though there is little in the volume that is strictly new, the author has ranged a wide field for his materials, and has levied upon all the essential information now in book form. The volume supersedes the best previous popular life, that by W. A. Linn.

These are its merits; but it has defects which prevent its taking a place with Mr. Seitz's admirably finished and thorough biography of Joseph Pulitzer. No complete biography of the founder of the "Tribune" can ever be written without a much fuller, more searching study of the files of the "Tribune", day by day and year by year, than Mr. Seitz has had time to give them. None will ever be completely satisfactory until, recognizing all Greeley's greatness, it also treats critically his manifold weaknesses as a guide of public opinion, and his follies, prej-

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udices, extravagances, and heady enthusiasms as man and editor. We should like, for example, a close analysis of Greeley's characteristic mode of reasoning, and of his prose style as an expression of this mode. We should like a thoroughly rationalized account of his queer predilections in the fields of teetotalism, Grahamism, Socialism, Spiritualism, and suchlike isms, reconciled with his downright common sense on hundreds of other subjects. We should like it pointed out that on one or two topics, notably the practice and theory of agriculture, he was really a poet. A genuinely satisfactory biography would explain the strange backings and fillings, the tangential excursions and repeated self contradictions, of the "Tribune" during the critical years 1860–64. It would explain why Mr. Greeley's Niagara negotiations with the Confederates were a much greater blunder than Mr. Seitz seems to realize.

Greeley made his first great success as founder of the "Tribune" for two reasons, over and above the obvious facts that he had marked talent as a journalist, and had acquired by 1841 an invaluable amount of professional experience. One of these reasons is that he entered the field at the moment that the accession of Tyler, the Mexican War, and all the events which grew out of it gave an immense impetus to the free soil movement, and made the emergence of a vigorous new free soil organ indispensable. "The Weekly Tribune" — not the daily "Tribune" — met this demand perfectly. The other reason was that the half educated Greeley, who had quit the plowtail for the printer's case at twelve, whose best schooling was the irregular reading he did as a boy in Poultney, Vermont, before he became too busy to read, and who had a mind of great native vigor but without genuine culture or intellectual discipline, was able to hit the precise mental level of the great northern and western public which the "Tribune" had to reach.

He was conservative just where this public was conservative — i. e., he believed in a high protective tariff long after advanced minds saw the fallacy of the doctrine; he opposed woman suffrage; he clung to a narrowly old fashioned code of morality, and condemned easy divorce with vigor. Again, he was progressive to just the degree that his public was progressive. He was a warm advocate of working men's cooperation, but had little patience with strikes; he believed fervently in popular education and championed schemes for people's universities, but he had no true conception of either the nature or function of advanced education. He was for Irish freedom; he was for total abstinence and, within limits, for prohibition. He was opposed to theatres, and he lent a credulous ear to the Fox sisters' "rappings". In short, he was the child of his age and region.

The great tragedy of Greeley's life was not his tragic death at a moment of political humiliation and personal bereavement. Rightly seen, the tragedy came much earlier. It lay in the fact that, having created in the "Tribune" an organ of the very greatest power, he showed that he had neither the training nor the abilities to conduct it with the high effectiveness that the times demanded. By the late fifties "The Weekly Tribune", with its enormous circulation in the better homes of the north — a circulation of nearly 25,000 in Ohio, of nearly 16,500 in Illinois, of more than 5,500 in distant California — was one of the controlling forces of the nation. It more than any other

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single agency set the Republican party upon its feet during the year 1856. It more than any other agency made possible Lincoln's election.

When the Civil War broke out, the "Tribune", in the hands of a wise, stable, far sighted, thoroughly instructed man, might have been one of the greatest assets of the north. But Greeley showed neither wisdom nor stability nor vision. There were times, notably in the first six months after secession began, when the great newspaper which he edited was a national liability. Long before the war ended he had largely discredited himself and it. Its vacillation, its occasional hysteria, its intemperance of counsel, its wrongheadedness, showed that its editor was not strong enough for the mighty engine which he had created.

Nevertheless, Greeley was one of our greatest Americans, and upon the whole our very greatest editor. To his admirable traits of character — his kindness, his high sincerity, his utter unselfishness, his indifference to money, his devotion to a most trying wife, his humility, his Godliness, his unceasing industry, which brought him to a premature grave — Mr. Seitz does full justice. With all its shortcomings, his book shows why Greeley was one of the molding forces of the Republic in a crucial period. If the story is told with some inadequacies, it does on the other hand grasp the dramatic qualities of this career of a poor unschooled Yankee boy who rose until at times he almost ruled the nation from his editorial chair. It deserves to be widely read — and it deserves to have a successor which will more definitively recreate Horace Greeley for our generation.

Horace Greeley, Founder of the New York Tribune. By Don C. Seitz. The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

CRABAPPLEANA

By Frederick H. Martens

A FEW years ago a lusty crabapple tree was torn limb from limb and bough from bough in an adjacent state and carried off, root and branch, by enthusiastic relic hunters: it had shadowed a double slaying. Yet the whittling of the crabapple tree is but one straw showing how the wind of national interest blows ever in the old direction of bigger and better murders. The movies for years have been teaching us to love the criminal with the heart of gold, and no tabloid is happy unless its front page shows red beneath the printer's ink. In general literature, too, the itch for the crime thrill calls forth volume after volume of what might be called "The Crabapple Library", books which offer those interested in crime from any and every angle reading on which no journalistic "mirrors", reflecting a desire for increased circulation irrespective of who may be electrocuted, can improve.

"Delinquents and Criminals: Their Making and Unmaking", by William Healy and Augusta F. Bronner, might appropriately serve to introduce recent addenda. A serious, solid study of methods, for social workers, judges, court officials, and that general public which provides the raw material of delinquency, it discusses how the milk of human kindness in peccant child breasts may be ethically pasteurized to prevent its turning criminally sour. Boston parents may take pride in the statement that "Alcoholic intoxication occurs in the Chicago series (of tabulations) for girls as frequently as for boys, while we have no cases recorded among girls in Boston".

In that sixteenth century before delinquency was tabulated lived "Carlo

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Gesualdo: Musician and Murderer". His tale is told in a book in two parts, like a pair of particolored mediæval hose — Cecil Gray having tailored the crimson tragedy of the murderer and Philip Heseltine the sober grey study of the madrigalist. The same can supplied the midnight oil Carlo burned writing part songs, and his lovely wife consumed entertaining the Duke of Andria where Carlo shone by his absence. The dissonant overtone in his wedded life called to his attention, Carlo exchanged music pen for dagger and wrote the closing chord of the lovers' two part invention in blood instead of ink. Many of us, like Neapolitans of his day, will think Carlo doubly a criminal, since, to quote one of his own madrigals, those "kisses sweet and dear" he drove his wife to seek elsewhere took shape so far as he was concerned only as note heads on music paper.

Judge Edward Abbott Parry's seventeenth century "Overbury Mystery" is a first rate human interest criminal novel: a musty *cause célèbre* revivified in fictional form and — for once — leaving the solution of its mystery up in the air, the one man who knows it dying the night he has promised to solve the riddle. With this true tale of murder in English high life in the time of King James I may be bracketed a story of the same general period in Spain, "Pablo de Segovia: The Spanish Sharper", in Henry Edward Watts's excellent translation of Quevedo-Villegas's original. One of the best of the picaro novels, unquestionably after actual life, it offers a joyfully revolting picture of the Spanish underworld of its day, with its hero, the nephew of a public executioner, gloating in cruelty and reveling in crime.

The rolling of crime's sweet morsel on smackingly appreciative lips is similarly apparent in reprints of two of the greatest crime thrillers of the eighteenth century. What Captain Alexander Smith does for landlubbers in "A Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, Footpads, Shoplifts and Cheats of Both Sexes", Captain Charles Johnson achieves for those who go down to the sea in ships in "A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates". Two hundred years ago hands that began by picking and stealing always ended by cutting throats, for misappropriation of a loaf of bread involved hanging as readily as the murdering of an aunt and her five infants. No one, in particular, who owns a sliver of the sacred crabapple should miss these two volumes: the blood bath rises hot and steaming, and both authors write with rich unction and horrid enjoyment of their grisly subjects. Little delinquents in the American home will find these volumes invaluable incentives to do and dare, and Captain Smith, remembering correct motivation in an age when it was taken seriously, sanctimoniously assures us that his gory records of misspent lives were compiled "for the Common Benefit of Mankind".

To those of us who innocently thought "The Last of the New England Highwaymen" were the wreckers of the New Haven and Hartford Railroad, it comes with a shock of surprise to find it was "Captain Lightfoot", and that he was very busy cutting purses on the Massachusetts highways in the 1820's. A quaint and highly readable monograph is that by Frank Waldo, a reprint (including some delightful woodcuts) of the first edition put forth in the year the Captain was hanged. The malefactor's edifying

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end points a valuable moral for the motor bandit of the present.

In Canon J. A. R. Brookes's "Murder in Fact and Fiction", the accounts of child, sex, political, train, and other murderers are entertaining enough — though many of us will find some favorite fictional murderer missing in his little group — but the reader might be advised not to take its jacket blurb anent the "student of psychology welcoming it" too seriously; the psychological deductions of a Victorian Anglican cleric are necessarily inhibited.

What makes enjoyable Judge Parry's "Vagabonds All", a biographic gallery of eleven notorious rogues of modern times, is its quality of zestful and unassuming story interest. Among his entertaining charlatans are Home, the medium, who produced stuffed-glove hands for the Empress Eugénie to kiss; and Mary Ann Clark, the joy girl for whom Frederick, Duke of York, threw some wild, wild London parties in the first years of the nineteenth century. Mary, incidentally, anticipated Bernard Shaw's Mrs. Warren, abandoning her professional career "to remove to Paris and bring up her daughters virtuously". In "Trigger Fingers", Owen P. White once more deals with "them days that was", in the quick-fire west of Billie the Kid and his ilk. His brief straightforward biographies of the best worst gunmen embalm for all patriotic lovers of purely American crime the romantic days when trigger fingers were content to drop on Colts, instead of using machine guns on passing motorists.

Last of all, a real book, powerful and compelling, exposes the subtle ties which connect the modern mass murderer and modern war, and lays bare the turgid mental processes of monsters seemingly human in "Murder for Profit". William Bolitho's five brilliant studies of mass murderers are of our own day and hour, and they justify the collection of Crabappleana by stressing the theorem that, as civilization now exists, "We have a need for the sight of life and death as of salt", and that interest in murder lies at the core of civilization's crabapple. It is in the light of Bolitho's book that most of the precedent volumes of "The Crabapple Library" should be read. In them we have the thrill narrative and we must largely point our own moral; but Bolitho with a greater thrill impels constructive thought when he opens brain pans and shows us the ghastly worm which dieth not writhing in the convolutions of the murderer's cerebellum and impelling his hand.

Delinquents and Criminals: Their Making and Unmaking. By William Healy and Augusta F. Bronner. The Macmillan Company.

Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa: Musician and Murderer. By Cecil Gray and Philip Heseltine. Dial Press.

The Overbury Mystery. By Edward Abbott Parry. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pablo de Segovia: The Spanish Sharper. By Francisco de Quevedo-Villegas. Translated by Henry Edward Watts. Alfred A. Knopf.

A Complete History of the Lives and Robberies of the Most Notorious Highwaymen, etc. By Captain Alexander Smith. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Brentano's.

A General History of the Robberies and Murders of the Most Notorious Pirates. By Captain Charles Johnson. Edited by Arthur L. Hayward. Dodd, Mead and Company.

Captain Lightfoot: The Last of the New England Highwaymen. By F. W. Waldo. The Wayside Press.

Murder in Fact and Fiction. By Canon J. A. R. Brookes. Brentano's.

Vagabonds All. By Edward Abbott Parry. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Trigger Fingers. By Owen P. White. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Murder for Profit. By William Bolitho. Harper and Brothers.

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A MERCHANT ADVENTURER

By Herbert B. Benjamin

JOHN WANAMAKER was the last of the great merchant princes and the first of the great department store men. The big dry goods stores of the middle of the last half of the nineteenth century were often adjuncts — although profitable adjuncts — to wholesale businesses. The British-trained men who owned these stores never rose above the feeling of humility engendered by the Continental contempt for the retail storekeeper; they felt that a merchant, if he were to attain eminence, must be a wholesaler. The new generation, of which John Wanamaker was a pioneer, had no such hampering traditions. In a great degree they did not begin business as keepers of dry goods shops. Not a few of them had been pedlers; Rowland Hussey Macy had been a sea captain; Lazarus Straus began his business career in New York as a dealer in china-ware. The Wanamaker business started as a men and boys' clothing store.

John Wanamaker was an innovator. He attracted attention and business by his novel ideas. So well did he advertise these ideas that he was given credit for originating principles which he never claimed to have invented. A typical case is that of the one price policy. When John Wanamaker startled Philadelphia by stating that every article would be sold at a plainly ticketed price, the old sytem of haggling was destined to be shelved. No great retail establishment could be conducted properly when every sale was a battle of wits between buyer and seller. Advertising is a feeble thing when deprived of the strong appeal of a set price. Macy and Stewart, in New York, were already abiding by a fixed marked price; it was in the air. But Wanamaker gave the idea such publicity that his name has justly been associated with it.

He had no need to claim what he did not originate. The Wanamaker "firsts" — those things which were first done by his stores — fill a book of ninety three pages. Of these "Money back" and "The customer is always right" rank with "One price". Others like the "February Furniture Sale", though less spectacular, are accepted retail institutions in stores the country over. Such innovations as the auditorium in his store, the great organs, the Salon prize pictures on the store walls, the famous twenty per cent discount sale of 1920, are superb examples of showmanship.

It is as a showman that Wanamaker was greatest. He was not a remarkable organizer. Something in his nature kept his stores in a perpetual state of flux; he liked to change things about. His eminence as a financier seemed to rest on his ability to win others to his brilliant ideas. As a cooperator he might almost have been said to stand in the path of progress. He always refused to have the Wanamaker stores called "department stores"; he insisted that they were a different kind of store. He refused to join trade associations, and buying groups.

Nevertheless, it was John Wanamaker's showmanship that led retaildom from its timid and apologetic attitude to the proud thing it is today. He made men realize that storekeeping has the possibilities of greatness. When Wanamaker became postmaster general, the appointment was made because he was a great retailer. Much of the success of his wide and sincere religious activities rested on his ability to "sell" them. Life was an adventure to him.

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An official and authorized biography that can tell these things is an unusual achievement — but Herbert Adams Gibbons's "John Wanamaker" is such a one. Gibbons has shown that only a man like Wanamaker could make shopkeeping into the sort of big business that can stir men's minds.

John Wanamaker. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers.

BALLYHOO

By Edward L. Bernays

"TRAIL Blazers of Advertising" by Chalmers Lowell Pancoast is more interesting in what it might have accomplished than in what it actually does. It sets out to stir the imagination and falls far afield of its goal. The "g's" of the old advertising game, "gambling, gadding, gifts, gabble, gala, gamesters, gangs, grandeur, gayety, genius, glitter, graft and grit of go-getting guys", as descriptions of past advertising psychology form the basis for a series of short chapters devoted to such oldtime stunts and hokum as Barnum's hoaxes, his woolly horse, the publicity stunts of Buffalo Bill and Pawnee Bill, the circus and show advertising of the 90's, the tricks of the special edition promoters. The wily free land opening fakers, the dishonest hymn book solicitors, the promoters of town boosting ideas and various other stunts of the ballyhoo artists, sandwich men, matrimonial contest promoters, prize contest promoters, and free lunch signs strut across the pages of this book.

Unfortunately the author fails somewhat in presenting a personal and living picture of these events which must in themselves have been so fascinating. The recital takes on something of the air of a catalogue. It lacks also some of the deeper interpretative material that it might well have contained. One compares it, naturally, with Helen Woodward's "Through Many Windows" and with Werner's "Barnum". Mrs. Woodward's book is more socially significant; Mr. Werner's book certainly more graphic. Perhaps the shortcomings of this volume are largely due to the strident style of the author. One can scarcely hear the music for the noise the band makes. His ideas are expressed in absolutes and superlatives that leave the reader no room for judgment or discrimination.

And yet Mr. Pancoast does bring to his readers a picture of the oldtime advertising "game" and the distinct difference between that and what he describes as the fundamental "m's" of the new advertising, "methods, money, men, media, management, machinery, merchandising and markets".

There is great virtue in going back to the infancy of an industry that is itself an infant. When advertising can feel the detached attitude evidenced by Mr. Pancoast it is an excellent augury for the future of the profession, which is consciously striving for improvement in methods.

Incidentally, it might be a good lesson to many of the "scientific advertising experts" of today to read of some of the dramatic ideas utilized to stimulate sales in the nineties and early 1900's and to apply them to present day marketing and merchandising. After all, the motivations which caused human beings to act then are equally sound now. The injection of drama into merchandising is as effective in the 1920's as it was in the pioneering days of the advertising men.

Trail Blazers of Advertising. By Chalmers Lowell Pancoast. Grafton Press.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

WOODBRIDGE RILEY'S "From Myth to Reason" (Appleton), a "story of the march of mind in the interpretation of nature", is a readable elementary account of the development of the various views of man's relation to the universe as indicated in science and speculative thought. The succeeding periods of myths, magic, discovery, mechanics, and evolution are treated in turn with a simplicity adapted to the needs of readers who approach them without presuppositions other than those of invincible ignorance. The post-Darwinian chapters will be found useful to the uninitiated, while others should find pleasure and perhaps profit in meeting again with such delightful figures from the early bestiaries and travelers' tales as the monoceros, the montichore, and the Blemmyes, who, you may recall, "had their mouth and eyes in their chests".

One way for an English writer to increase the number of books from his pen sold in America is to come to this country and write about its customs, people, and politics. Provided he puts in enough clever slaps, punches, kicks, and other resounding blows, he will arouse sufficient comment to insure a good sale. Or so it is believed. J. St. Loe Strachey apparently thought otherwise. "American Soundings" (Appleton), although it covers such diverse impressions of a trip as prohibition, literature, education, and geography, does not pretend to tell all about the American people. What it does recount is related in a spirit of understanding . . . even prohibition . . . yes, even Mencken. In fact, the book is so just that it verges on the tame. A few outrageously uncalled for aspersions should have been thrown in.

Truth is mighty, but when it prevails it has an unfortunate way of spoiling some very good stories. A case in point is "Dead Men's Tales" (Houghton Mifflin), wherein the amiable Bennet Copplestone proceeds to tell "true stories of thrilling deeds on the high seas". He begins by puncturing the story of Alexander Selkirk who is supposed to be the original of Robinson Crusoe. Apparently, Alexander did not endure such a terrible time on Juan Fernandez island. Next Sir Francis Drake is gently slid from his pedestal. Other worthies, famed and obscure, are truthfully presented. When good lies about marine adventures are so plentiful it is certainly an imposition to intrude the truth.

Thirty five years ago William Dana Orcutt set out in quest of the perfect book. For a good number of those years at the University Press in Cambridge and the Plimpton Press in Norwood, he has been showing what beautiful things could be done in the way of bookmaking. Especially he has striven to produce at low cost the kind of beauty which had previously been reserved for the editions de luxe. "In Quest of the Perfect Book" (Little, Brown) is the record of his reminiscences and reflections along the way. It tells how, in searching for his ideal type face, he came to plan the humanistic type — said to be one of the most beautiful type faces ever

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cut. It tells of famous Italian libraries, of rare old manuscripts and wonderful old volumes, and of the most famous printers and bibliophiles of the day. There is one whole chapter devoted to Mr. Orcutt's memories of modern humanists — Maurice Hewlett, Austin Dobson, Richard Garnett, Charles Eliot Norton, Mark Twain, and William Dean Howells. Symbolically all these memories have been gathered into so perfect a book that one can only handle it reverently!

Sacheverell Sitwell's "All Summer in a Day" (Doran) defies classification. He subtitles it "An Autobiographical Fantasia", and it would be difficult to find a more nearly accurate description. Divided into two parts, it is an account of some of the thoughts and reveries and emotions, the persons and places, experienced and seen by a sensitive, imaginative young man, by nature a poet. Subtly and at times very beautifully expressed, the book's descriptions are done all but exclusively in terms of emotional reactions, some of which will be tolerably familiar to all impressionable, imaginative people, while others possess a certain sharp individuality. It is an unusual volume.

Mr. Untermeyer is as a rule clever, but he is particularly so in his "Collected Parodies" (Harcourt, Brace). The volume includes many verses which have never appeared before and the contents of four previous books of parodies, two of which are no longer procurable. "The reader must, therefore, imagine how heroic was the struggle before the author finally abandoned his intention to call this collection 'Parodies Lost'." He has attempted to parody the thought and the manner of the poet rather than any particular poem, although in a few instances he has used a well known work. In parodying E. E. Cummings Mr. Untermeyer has written a better poem than Mr. Cummings, but it is not an overwhelming triumph to have done a good job with Vachel Lindsay or Masters. In "Heavens" he explores the literary heavens of Cabell, the midwestern realists, H. G. Wells, George Moore, and others. The George Moore is highly amusing. For the most part, this is excellent and penetrating parody.

The latest good-for-what-ails-you doctor's book, aiming alike at the ignorantly repressed and the fidgety with Freudianism, modestly subtitles itself "The Fine Art of Happiness". Harold Dearden, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., is its author. Self knowledge is its assertion — and abstruse semi-scientific jargon is its reader's portion. Sex is relegated to scarce sixty appendix pages, following three hundred pages of Coueism sweetened and colored to taste. Secondary to sales, the purpose is, rather frankly, to advertise your family physician's infallibility of judgment and pills. Dr. Dearden's "Morning Beam" is *anyone's* convenient carte blanche to a sure heaven right here on earth. "Understanding Ourselves" (Boni, Liveright) seems titled appropriately as far as its author is concerned.

Some years ago Albert Guérard said: "Leave Lincoln entirely to literature, art and folk-lore for a few generations . . . all the proverbial wisdom of his age will be ascribed to him, miracles and potents will be recorded. He is no longer Lincoln: he is Democracy, Emancipation, National Unity." Two new Lincoln biographies reflect this trend in a sympathetic manner without

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going to legendary extremes. William Eleroy Curtis's "Abraham Lincoln" (Lippincott) is a straightforward biography, carefully, conscientiously, and interestingly written, with a closing chapter of eulogy on the hero's "Philosophy, Morals and Religion" and illustrations (many from private sources) of more than usual interest. Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, who already has written a "personal life" of Lincoln, lets him tell his own story in "An Autobiography of Abraham Lincoln, Consisting of Personal Portions of His Letters, Speeches and Conversations" (Bobbs-Merrill). An ingenious chronological sequence of the Emancipator's spoken and written word presents an authoritative source-book with regard to Lincoln's character and the motivation of his actions, and one which all the more vividly discloses Lincoln's soul and mind because it is unpremeditated and unplanned by Lincoln himself. For, no more than any other human being, had he deliberately set out to write his autobiography, could Lincoln have achieved spontaneity. Lincoln as William Eleroy Curtis sees him, and Lincoln as he discloses himself by way of Nathaniel Wright Stephenson, stands forth as a composite singularly unified.

There is no particular power and no particularly vivid lyricism in Gustav Davidson's "Twenty Sonnets" (Blue Faun); neither is the work so conspicuously poor that one would wish to pass it by without a notice. Mr. Davidson is a serious practitioner of the sonnet form, although he has by no means mastered the medium; he is actuated in places by what is evidently a genuine lyric impulse, although he has not yet learned how to give that impulse adequate expression; he has not the smoothness of the accomplished poet, nor does he show a perfect command of the devices of rhyme and rhythm. Of the twenty poems included in this collection, there is not one that is thoroughly appealing; but there are enough that are appealing in parts to give one hope for the author's future work.

In his lively, readable "H. R. H." (Doran) F. E. Verney has gone to such lengths to prove that the Prince of Wales is no better than the rest of us that he has removed a part of the glamour which inevitably — one may almost say, properly — pertains to an heir apparent. It is pleasant enough to learn that the prince "bathes himself, dresses himself, and shaves himself, and even cuts himself when he shaves in a greater hurry than usual", and perhaps it will do no harm to know that "in his hours of relaxation his conversation is commonplace — but for his ever-present sense of humour". There are more spectacular revelations in plenty for those who are more interested in the education of a future king, his routine of official life, and his famous tours. The distinction of the volume lies in the fact that the author portrays credibly the development of his subject by way of his psychological reactions to the rather unusual incidents of his royal destiny. "H. R. H." is an intimate interpretation by a friend and admirer, with some capital anecdotes and stories for good measure and numerous illustrations.

"What governs the Englishman is his inner atmosphere", says the Very Reverend William Ralph Inge, and he proceeds in "England" (Scribner) to describe those malevolent forces which have perturbed the souls of Englishmen and brought them to the, to him, dark present and darker future of his coun-

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try. The Dean's proverbial gloominess rests upon the prospect of "peaceful penetration" of English speaking nations by the yellow races, on the dangerous possibilities of doctrinaire Socialistic propaganda, on the rejection of Puritan ethics, on the cheap ideals of success which dominate the mass mind, and on the wickedness of saffron journalism. In short, there is scarcely any aspect of English civilized life which does not come under his lugubrious predictions. To counteract these evil forces he appeals to that vague emotion called "patriotism", and he contrasts England's manners and morals of yesterday with those of today. Yet since he himself admits that a writer on England "may feel secure of not being listened to by those whom his remarks most concern", we are forced to regard his book as the last stand of a disappearing concept. To those of us who are unwilling to share in the Dean's sombre attitude the book must remain a careful diagnosis of the causes which have contributed to the social, political, and economic ill health of a great nation.

From John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" to his "Mr. Charles, King of England" (Doran) seems a transition like that from Milton to the Wycherley whose lewd but witty comedies "Mr. Charles" enjoyed. Yet it is one not so strange if we consider (though now mists of adoring legend show the Emancipator an ever more towering, gigantic figure) that the two men possessed one virtue in common — a kindly heart. To most, Charles II is the typical royal profligate, his hours divided between wenches and wine. Mr. Drinkwater, without idealizing, does him justice. Before we meet "Mr. Charles" we have the environment which helps explain him. His boyhood and life up to that death agony for whose unconscionable length he apologized, are covered in eight brilliant chapters. The book ends with a brief, clear summary. John Drinkwater's style needs no praise; and he reveals to us not the besotted "Old Rowley" of historical romance, the crowned rake moved by the flutter of every vagrant skirt, but a likable, intelligent, pleasure loving aristocrat of his age, who played the royal rôle which often bored him with an ability and, yes, character which no Stuart before or after him displayed. We are made to feel the truth of Halifax's honestly tender plea for his deceased king: "If all who are akin to his vices should mourn for him, never Prince would be better attended to his grave."

Henry O. Osgood's "So This is Jazz" (Little, Brown) is the first really thorough and exhaustive study, musical and social, of what he calls "a state of mind", the fine flower of the casting off of inhibitions that make dulness a social crime. It is the history of the development of jazz as music, as an interpretation of contemporary life, and as "the first and only original art that the United States of America has brought forth in a century and a half of trying". In the course of the narrative the human pillars of the jazz temple are all brilliantly placed and defined. The great charm of the book lies in the delightfully readable and entertaining fashion in which the author presents his subject; he offers the gist of accurate knowledge and observation in a witty and sympathetic way. "So This is Jazz" is one of those rare books which impress us as authoritative without pretending to authority.

Lytton Strachey's essay on "Pope" (Harcourt, Brace) is a sketchy but illu-

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minating bit of criticism of not more than the length of the average magazine article. It is the author's purpose to reveal Pope in his proper niche in literature with relation to his contemporaries and his successors; and in this purpose he succeeds as well as his limited space will permit, shedding a few vivid rays that will prove edifying to all followers of literature.

Those who tune their radios to the wave length that bears to them the accents of Calvin Coolidge have listened in vain for the epitomizing phrases that have characterized his predecessors. Perhaps they are missing because our President has not publicly become indignant about anything. "Let no guilty man escape", "Malefactors of great wealth", "Too proud to fight", were words penned in wrath. "Foundations of the Republic" (Scribner), the collected addresses of Mr. Coolidge since his election in 1924, consists largely of encomiums and eulogies of highly laudable projects and objects. The speeches do not lack interest or eloquence or dignity; they studiously avoid orotund bombast and they are frequently less than profound. They are what one might expect from a leader who can say,"I regard a good budget as among the noblest monuments to virtue."

The exiled War Lord reminisces solemnly, but with an agreeable absence of the egomania characteristic of his prime, in "My Early Life" (Doran). William II, ex-Emperor of Germany, here displays a reticence due perhaps to the seemingly genuine affection he harbored for his grandfather, the great William I, first sovereign of united Germany, and for his father, the gentle, short reigning Kaiser Frederick III. The memoirs cover the childhood and youth of the last Hohenzollern ruler, relating with coherent and interesting detail the passage of his schooldays, his university career, and his broadly grounded preparatory conquests of the sciences of government, diplomacy, empire building, and war. They end with his accession to the throne in 1888. Throughout the book illuminating sidelights are thrown upon the numerous noble and royal personages of the seventies and eighties with whom the author, in his capacity of guest, host, envoy and traveler, was constantly associated. An eager, observant, keen minded soul seems the William of that distant time, a dutiful son and a dependable aid to his illustrious elder kinsmen. The book is illustrated with a frontispiece in color and nearly forty photographs, many of which have been hitherto unpublished.

The Troubadours, singing sheiks of a Hollywoodless age, were the world's greatest gossips as well as lovers in those Middle Ages when men were men in the south of France. Raimon de Loi, in his "Trails of the Troubadours" (Century), has written a gay, witty, fascinatingly romantic account of them by following their individual trails in the land where they wandered, loved, and sang, "south to the Mediterranean, west to the Atlantic, and northwest to the sometime seat of many an English king — Tours and Le Mans". The accounts are all worth reading, from the trail of the naughty Eleanor — the Troubadour Queen, bored to divorce by her pious, stupid husband, the saintly Louis, King of France — to mad Pierre Vidal; for the poet Petrarch, whose trail is the last followed, is a troubadour only by courtesy, though the true love of the knight errant of song glowed in his heart.

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Here is a book of purest enjoyment; but to read it ideally one should follow the trails themselves through the Provençal spring and evoke the troubadours amid the scenes of their lays and amours.

It is a question whether the average American could find a better all around history of his own country than Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker's "The American People" (Scribner) which, in accord with its title, covers the time from the Discovery to the Revolution in some 62 pages, while the period from Paul Revere's ride to "the America of today" quite properly demands some 408. Professor Wertenbaker tells the tale in a direct vivid way; chapters VII–IX, especially, give an admirably coherent, interesting, and unbiased account of the political and economic post-Revolutionary developments to the overthrow of the Federalist party. Economics, in fact, are everywhere accorded proper attention, while the pageant of the material development of the nineteenth century is well dramatized. And if the author seems to consider the World War and the Versailles Treaty in the light of an idealism which events have totally disproved, the reader can always turn to C. Lowes Dickinson's "International Anarchy" as a corrective.

Are you fed up with the complexity and over-morbidity of much of our modern literature? Then take up "Surprising the Family" by Frances Lester Warner (Houghton Mifflin) and be refreshed by its grace, wisdom, and merry chattiness. The author's observations, shrewd and interesting, are flavored with pungent yet homely and apt illustrations. But her world is limited to the pleasant, simple, well bred person, and altogether uncomplicated by individuals who are morose, irritated, or burdened with insidious complexes. These latter persons, I fear, would derive no sweeter philosophy from having read these well intentioned and often helpful essays because of a certain saccharine quality in them. But for the unsophisticated average reader, there is real pleasure here.

Those submerged, ginghamed housewives reared on Bertha M. Clay and Miss Mühlbach who have followed the trail of the Roumanian Queen across America, who have read her telegrams, participated in her royal quarrels, read the exact degree her cheek blanched at news from home, will find sustainment for the habit of such details in an authentic biography, "Marie of Roumania", by Mabel Potter Daggett (Doran). And the housewife, no doubt to her surprise, will find that, anxious as she is to know the royal intimacies, the Queen is even more anxious that they be known. She has gone so far as to unlock her secret diaries for the author. Surely one woman can do no more for another? Nor for the world either, for that matter. This detail from one of her most privately written letters (the Queen, like all great authors it seems, keeps copies) is one of the world's priceless arrangements in irony: "Carol gives me no trouble as other sons do."

Now it can be told. The ex-Crown Prince William of Germany offers "I Seek the Truth" (Sears), "A Book of Responsibility for the War". Consequently, "*L'état, c'est moi*" becomes here "The King is the first servant of the State", according to "my great ancestor", Frederick the Great. Likewise for Bismarck: the Franco-Prussian War was not wanted by him, but "was

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very welcome", "longed for", in fact; France, however, "desired the war". In victory, "consolidation" is, of necessity, a German virtue. "The peaceful character of German policy" has always been Bismarck's and his descendants'. "Love of peace" is repeated, probably (or so it seems) at least one thousand times in this book, and always as a *Deutschland* product. Germany, ex-William-the-next contends, always has been too trusting. Her "German fleet was built in the belief that a fleet . . . was the indispensable instrument of world policy". "Defense" has always actuated the Fatherland — and (as in football, baseball, basketball) our ex-German-athlete frankly admits that the best defense lies in attack. Unquestionably, too, there is reason in William, Jr.'s, argument that his parent's violation of Belgium was according to international Hoyle: at least as self defensive as his English cousins' occasional rapings of Greece, Denmark, etc. ever were. In short, everything in the book is in the orthodox tradition — moreover, this ex-hero is possessed of more than the average of engaging frankness.

There is probably more pride than humility in Amy Spingarn's "Humility and Pride" (Harcourt, Brace), for, certainly, there is more prose than poetry. Indeed, it would be difficult to find any poetry at all in this book, although it is printed in the form of poetry. Whether the author writes in rhyme to the tune of

> O for those days of old
> When I felt brave and bold

or whether she tells us in *vers libre* that

> My room was right over the railroad track,
> And half the night I lay awake,
> Filled with thoughts of which I can't speak,

she betrays an astonishing amateurishness, and prosiness of expression; and the crudity of the form of her work is matched only by the barrenness of its content.

Although "Descriptive and Narrative Projects" (Crowell) by D. Davis Farrington, assistant professor of English at Hunter College, is designed as a textbook for college classes, the work may advantageously be studied by anyone seriously interested in the technique of short story and novel construction. The project method, which implies analytical observation of all materials for imaginative creation, is employed here to outline clearly and explain the uses of character drawing, plot development, action, atmosphere, description, background, and the important part which each should play in the successful completion of a story. Enlightening expository quotations are generously and significantly supplied, as well as five model short tales by Poe, Hawthorne, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Frederick Stuart Greene, and Eleanor H. Abbott.

Outdoor photographers, unless they are veritable geniuses of the lens and shutter, should rush for copies of William Nesbit's "How to Hunt with the Camera" (Dutton). Incidentally, animal life in general might well give a rising vote of thanks for a volume which argues cogently that the camera is mightier than the gun as a means of pleasure here below. Mr. Nesbit lucidly explains the various branches of his subject, tells how best to snap elephants, lions, hippopotami, eland, and pongo, provides readable accounts of the leading practitioners of nature photography, and adds the latest information about material and technique. The book is handsomely illustrated with pictures which go far to

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prove the efficacy of Mr. Nesbit's methods.

There is old counsel that we shouldn't repaint the lily. Emily James Putnam's "Candules' Wife and Other Old Stories" (Putnam) retold from Herodotus smuts the lily; for it has Paris admonishing Helen not to "throw" him "over" and has servant women come in "with pails and mops" after each murder committed in days when both murder and literature were unaffected by nauseating sophomoric naturalism. Giving five glorious classical tales what the publisher's blurb calls "the psychological nuance and the ironic fillip" results in philandering nonsense.

Many persons educated, well read, and precise in their English retain in their speech some quality, whether of intonation or idiom, that marks their origin. David George Plotkin has succeeded in transferring this quality in verse to the printed page. Consequently, his book of poems "Ghetto Gutters" (A. and C. Boni) is redolent with the spicy garlic smells of Brownsville and the Bronx. And so the poems are sometimes crude and immature; over-sentimental and yet callous. They would not be so true at times nor so vivid if they were not. Saul is also among the prophets.

A queen, especially be she virtuous, usually plays second fiddle, biographically speaking, to her husband's lights-of-love. In "A Lily of Old France" (Appleton), however, Eric Rede Buckley tells the story of the neglected wife of Louis XV of France in pleasantly gossipy style. It is the tale of a royal Cinderella who saw her Fairy Prince turn satyr on her hands and had to adjust herself and her life to the various peccant nymphs whom he chased in succession. The author makes Marie Leckzinska vivid and interesting, opining that she stood midway between the saint idealized by friends and the slattern with a taste for "nasty talk" of her enemies. If there be truth in the last contention, charity is in order. How could this "Lily of Old France" help but be a bit of a swamp lily, rooted as she was among the moral miasmas of the court of the fifteenth Louis?

If Charles Stelzle could have kept King Charles's head out of his book, as Dickens's Mr. Dick tried to do, he would have produced a thrilling novel. The first portion of his autobiography, "A Son of the Bowery" (Doran), is rich in exceedingly well drawn situations; his characters live; his locale stands forth like a fire against a hill at night. But when he gets along, he is tempted to become the politician and the preacher. The boy in whom we are deeply interested disappears from sight, and the young man emerges as a fighter against wrongdoing and false doctrines in religion. Many problems are introduced and dealt with; many prominent Americans pictured as friends and coadjutors of the hero. There is one slight and pardonable weakness apparent: Mr. Stelzle does pose somewhat as a wonder and a paragon. One rather wishes that he had left out the scene of Roosevelt's "sitting at his feet". It is very probable, for the great man was not too proud to acknowledge obligation to anyone; but there are enough fine recognitions of Mr. Stelzle's superiority without it. Undoubtedly, he is a man of whom America must be proud. And this book is an important contribution to our historical literature. Whether one agrees with his theories or not, one sees in him a man both honest in his convictions and unflinching in carrying them out. Diogenes would have loved him.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

This reporter has lately discovered in a tour of Florida some of the reasons why people go to the public libraries for their reading. For example, the quest for a copy of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" from Jacksonville to Miami resulted in a perfect blank. In only one bookshop in all Florida was it possible to obtain a copy of "An American Tragedy", but it was found in five different public libraries. That is to say, the libraries admitted having it though in each instance it was "out". This is not to imply that Florida is illiterate. On the contrary, the proportion of book and magazine shops to total population appears to be greater than in New York. But the absence of the currently popular books from their shelves is one of the things which drive readers to the libraries. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	Show Boat	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Silver Spoon	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	An American Tragedy	*Theodore Dreiser*	LIVERIGHT
4.	Beau Sabreur	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
5.	The Private Life of Helen of Troy	*John Erskine*	BOBBS
6.	Her Son's Wife	*Dorothy Canfield*	HARCOURT
7.	Beau Geste	*Percival C. Wren*	STOKES
8.	Labels	*A. Hamilton Gibbs*	LITTLE
9.	The Big Mogul	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
10.	Gentlemen Prefer Blondes	*Anita Loos*	LIVERIGHT
11.	Sorrell and Son	*Warwick Deeping*	KNOPF
12.	The Understanding Heart	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN

GENERAL

1.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	SIMON
2.	Why We Behave Like Human Beings	*G. A. Dorsey*	HARPER
3.	The Book Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
4.	The Man Nobody Knows	*Bruce Barton*	BOBBS
5.	Our Times	*Mark Sullivan*	SCRIBNER
6.	The Revolt of Modern Youth	*Lindsey and Evans*	LIVERIGHT
7.	The Arcturus Adventure	*William Beebe*	PUTNAM
8.	Abraham Lincoln	*Carl Sandburg*	HARCOURT
9.	Microbe Hunters	*Paul de Kruif*	HARCOURT
10.	The Mauve Decade	*Thomas Beer*	KNOPF
11.	Jefferson and Hamilton	*Claude G. Bowers*	HOUGHTON
12.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	BOBBS

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THE SEVEN SEAS

The Younger Generation of French Authors—Verhaeren, Bertrand and Courteline—Bernanos and Noëlle Roger—Henri Béraud's Survey—"Countess Tolstoy and Mme. Dostoyevsky"—A Critical Study of D'Annunzio

SEVERAL official events in France have given temporary prominence to three authors whose merit and reputation have little need of the fortuitous aid which democracies sometimes impose—in blind self satisfaction, as Gourmont used to say—upon those native sons who least require help. Louis Bertrand, Georges Courteline, and Emile Verhaeren have long been ranked among the leaders of a passing generation. Although he was killed during the war, Verhaeren's influence is today as undisputed as that of his surviving comrades. His festival this season is occasioned by the anniversary of his death, and the usual speeches have repeated and emphasized his glory with the usual futility. What really will add to his popularity is a new edition of "Le Cloître" (Crès) in that excellent collection in which have already appeared Gourmont's "Théodate" and "Le Vieux Roi", Wilde's "Salomé", Ibsen's "Maison de Poupée", Segalen's "Orphée Roi", and certain works of Shakespeare, Racine, and Musset. Verhaeren's characteristic of putting into verse social prejudices which he did not wish to express in prose has gained him a strange public, half literary, half fanatic. The infinitely complicated ideas behind some of his philosophic poems justify his own boast:

Je veux marcher vers la folie et ses soleils...

Yet Verhaeren is more than a mere propagandist for the beauty of labor, greater even than mere chronicler of the structural age which Joseph Pennell has pictured with his etching needle. Verhaeren, like all poets who have written in French, wrote of love and of emotions which possess an immortality ever fresh. His "Multiple Splendeur" (Mercure) should live long.

Equally vital, durable, and French is the genius of Georges Courteline. Author of "Bourbouroche" and "La Paix chez Soi" (Flammarion), Courteline has been hailed as the modern Molière. Today, old and broken, yet immeasurably popular, he has been admitted into the Académie Goncourt's circle of ten. Because the other Académie, which Richelieu founded and which Goncourt sought to discredit, presented him with a prize for literature only last spring, many wags are prophesying that poor Edmond will turn in his grave at Courteline's admission to his own group after this acceptance of so much as a single honor from its rival. Needless to say, this consideration in no way mars the satisfaction felt by the literary world, whose fear of the diary has displaced the memory of Goncourt's charm and magnanimity. Nor, one supposes, does it in any way disturb the young art editor François Bernouard, whose *édition de luxe* of Courteline will surely benefit as it appears, volume by volume, in rhythm with the various honors which have showered upon his favored author.

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The "rival Académie" is not suffering from Goncourt's posthumous hostility. Last season it admitted two of France's most noted authors, Paul Valéry and Louis Bertrand. The ceremony of M. Bertrand's admission, now performed after due delay, has filled columns of description and eulogy. Not only is the latest academician a gentleman and a scholar; he is also an amateur of Flaubert and, to a large extent, Flaubert's successor as the poet-novelist of northern Africa. The "Livre de la Méditerranée" (Grasset) on which reposes to no small degree his fame among the political world of Paris, is excellent reading, yet it is also most significant propaganda. The French, according to M. Bertrand, are opening up Islam to Latinization. Thus they are repeating the miracle of the Romans, they are continuing the reign of Saint Augustin, of whom M. Bertrand has written so sympathetically, and they are paving the way for a glorious future which may turn the course of civilization. Reissues of M. Bertrand's novels, of his essays "La Grèce" and "Le Mirage Oriental" (Perrin), and of his character sketches, such as "Pepète et Balthasar" (Albin Michel), must now be expected both in popular and bibliophiles' editions. Already he has announced his memoirs, "Ma Lorraine", and published extracts from them in the "Nouvelles Littéraires".

* * * *

Beyond such official fêting, the press and the salons have been celebrating the continuation of Bernanos's mystic and *diabolique* strain in "Sous le Soleil de Satan" (Plon) through the appearance of a small army of imitations or of novels launched in the wake of his success — all carrying the same banner of demoniac inquiry. A rather interesting example of this new array is Noëlle Roger's "Celui qui Voit", an adventurous yarn which was first spun out across several issues of "La Petite Illustration", to find a final publisher in Calmann-Lévy. "Celui qui Voit", like J. H. Rosny's latest novel, "La Femme Disparue" (Nouvelle Revue Critique), is a work of questionable originality which is borne to success by its author's personal ability. Madame Roger has written an adventure story about buried documents and Buddhist secrets in unvarnished style, and with little or no attempt to avoid the conventional course of such material. It is not likely that her work will be among the literary masterpieces of the decade. Yet she has introduced a strain of mysticism, a faint echo of philosophy, which not only promises much for her future production, but also distinguishes her present work and makes it eminently readable. The discoverer of buried codes learns the method of foreseeing future events. His gift, like Cassandra's, turns into a curse, and he is constrained to watch approaching ruin while unable to defend the prospective victims; he is forced to lose his loved ones and his friends; and in the end he is forced to read the doubt and treason in the mind of his associates as they talk or struggle against his gradually crystallizing doctrine of fatality and acquiescence. The tone is symptomatic of a recurring motif in French literature. It has been noted in the work of Victor Hugo by Maximilian Rudwin in his recent monograph: "Satan et le Satanisme dans l'Œuvre de Victor Hugo" (Les Belles Lettres). It can be traced across the symbolists — certain writers were influenced by Huysmans's strong leaning toward the *diabolique* in his early naturalistic novels. Today it

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can be found not only in Bernanos and Roger, but even on the stage, where Lenormand, leader of the "Jeunes Auteurs", has incorporated second sight, spiritualism, and demonology into several of his plays (collected by Crès), among which his latest, "L'Amour Magicien", is notable.

* * * *

The younger writers are indeed revealing distinct personality, and perhaps attempting a closer union than hitherto. In the theatre they have combined in an organization which had some success last season at the Vieux Colombier, and which continues today under the hospitable auspices of the Odéon. Here they have produced "Le Dernier Empereur" (published in the periodical "Europe") at a time when the critics and public are already stirred by the political doctrines of Jules Romains's "Le Dictateur". Rich in ideas, without the skilful characterization of Romains's work yet written firmly, poetically, in an almost expressionistic vein, "Le Dernier Empereur" has been admitted to a regular place in the Odéon repertory. This victory for the younger generation is one of several equally notable, and typifies the rapid advance of writers, many of them younger than thirty, in the struggle to control opinion or, at least, to find a channel for its expression. In addition to two recent books in which young writers are discussed, Dominique's "Quatre Hommes entre Vingt" (Le Divan) and Archambault's "Jeunes Maîtres" (Bloud et Gay), there has recently appeared in the "Revue de France" an excellent article wherein Henri Béraud (himself a "Jeune" of distinction, having published "Le Bois du Templier Pendu" and two amusing books on "Moscow" and "Berlin" to which I have already referred in these notes) analyzes the development of the new generation of French writers, accentuates the influence of the war in cutting them off from their predecessors, and sums up the qualities which will lead them to their "Hernani" in 1930. He names Jean Sarment, the young dramatist whose "As-tu du Cœur" has been running this season at a real "*théâtre des Boulevards*", Joseph Kessel, whose "Captives" has just been published by the Nouvelle Revue Française, and Pierre Bost, whose "Crise de Croissance" is soon to appear on the same publisher's list. Among other dramatists he mentions Natanson, Achard, and Paul Haurigot, whose "Méditerranée" is a movement toward a more elastic theatrical technique, and whose criticisms in "Où va le Théâtre" (Cahiers de la République) merit the attention they are attracting. M. Béraud speaks also of the *sur-réalistes* Soupault and Delteil, whose works are being published regularly by Kra. He concludes with the names of Pierre Scize and Marcel Espiau, two young journalists who are collaborating, with Emile Vuillermoz as their director, in a new journalistic enterprise of great interest to those who wish intelligently to follow certain aspects of French thought. Aided by André Obey — who collaborated with Denys Amiel to write the "Carcasse" (Albin Michel) and thus created the biggest theatrical explosion since Raynal's "Le Tombeau sous l'Arc de Triomphe" — and by Léon Werth, who discusses civic and industrial art as if he were a French William Morris, Scize, Espiau, and Vuillermoz have founded the "Impartial Français", and in their new organ treat ably and independently of many things: the cinemas, the stage, the disks, the sports, the books, the

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politics, and the life of Paris. The literary chronicle is well done, analyzing several books in full every day. Politically "free", yet far more liberal than the "Nouveau Siècle", that organ of the young Fascists, "L'Impartial Français" should find scope for development at home and abroad. The young are inheriting — if not the earth, a remarkably large plot in the literary fields of Paris.

* * * *

One of Berlin's most interesting books of the season sheds new light on the private lives of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky. Wolfgang E. Gröger, the author of "Countess Tolstoy and Mme. Dostoyevsky" (Concordia Deutsche Verlagsanstalt), has collected and translated much hitherto unpublished material, derived mainly from Russian sources. The larger part of the book is devoted to the reminiscences of Anna Grigoryevna, Dostoyevsky's secretary who afterward became his wife. The book also contains Countess Tolstoy's autobiography and some fragments of her sister's memoirs. Herr J. Eichenwald contributes an introduction, which incorporates a perhaps superfluous defense of Countess Tolstoy.

Countess Tolstoy is revealed as the patient unhappy wife of an eccentric man of genius. Her own narrative does nothing to dispel the belief that she never really understood her husband's mentality, and more especially his religious development. An energetic and popular woman, she failed to cope with Tolstoy's eternal doubts and changes.

The sufferings of Anna Grigoryevna Dostoyevsky by the side of a writer who showed as little restraint in his domestic life as in his work, provide a far more vivid picture of the mingled happiness and sorrows of a woman. Madame Dostoyevsky was of a calibre different altogether from Countess Tolstoy. Dostoyevsky's nature demanded complete mental surrender on the part of the woman who was to be his companion; and Anna Grigoryevna's self sacrifice culminated in the abandonment of every ambition and pretension of her own.

* * * *

Ricciardi has published in Naples a brilliant critical study of D'Annunzio by Francesco Flora. The author, an avowed admirer of "the poet solder" and a disciple of Croce, nevertheless denounces *dannunzianesimo* as "a moral code of life". The influence of modern Italy's greatest poet is so profound, mentally and politically, that, in Flora's words, "the ruling classes today are three quarters *dannunziane* in form and formula".

D'Annunzio's personality is so complex that any successful attempt to arrive at a valuation of the man as a serious artist is almost certainly a privilege reserved for posterity. Among his contemporaries, Flora does not allow admiration to interfere with judgment. Many of his observations are penetrating, sane, and just. So far back as 1903 Croce described D'Annunzio as "a sensual dilettante", and Flora elaborates this theme with many striking illustrations. The book is an interesting and valuable contribution to the study of one of the most remarkable personalities of our times.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

MY favorite librarian informs me that she recommends reading aloud to people who are anxious to get married but do not know how to go about asking each other. She professes to know two such pairs who read the Keyserling "Book of Marriage" and straightway made for City Hall. I can see an advertisement of the book, a cathedral in the dim distance, and hundreds of scurrying and flaming youths, waving "The Book of Marriage" like a banner over their courageous heads. In this respect, let me congratulate publicly Marion Humble of the National Association of Book Publishers. She was married on the fourteenth of December to Jon Ozro Brubaker, the artist. I hope it doesn't mean that she will forsake publishing; but then, no one ever can, after the die has been cast. Helen Woodward is glad to be out of advertising, and has turned her many talents to promoting books as well as writing them. "I'll see you at tea after January first", she writes; "'after January first' sounds very peaceful." This is because the formation of a Literary Guild, the nature of which I do not quite comprehend, has kept Mrs. Woodward running here and there, writing, and lunching with authors. She had gone, too, to Pittsburgh for a book week and is convinced that authors should not try to sell their own books. Herbert Gorman, who was there too, agrees. Of course it depends. I have known authors whose books I shall never read because I detest these people as people. And I have met authors whose charm and hidden possibilities have sent me to their books to find out more about them. Joseph Anthony is one of them. It is time he got away from New York and wrote another novel, but he says his sister must have a trousseau and so he will stick to New York and the newspaper syndicate.

Certainly no American man of letters has a larger share of present day attention than Theodore Dreiser. Singularly enough, on both sides of the Atlantic the voices of the critics are lifted in loud hosannas to his name. What we often forget is that Dreiser was once without honor among his present devotees and, for that matter, without a publisher. Miss F. M. Holly, the literary agent, has supplied us with a choice story of what followed the publishers' refusal to issue the edition of "Sister Carrie" after it had been printed: "Ethel Kelley, who was an associate of Mr. Dreiser when he was editor of the old 'Hampton's Magazine', came to me and said, 'Why don't you call on Mr. Dreiser and get him to let you handle "Sister Carrie"? He owns the plates and he may never write again unless some publisher can be found to bring out a new edition of this novel.' I was new at the business of literary agent, but I was a sincere admirer of Dreiser and I went to see him. Yes, he rolled his handkerchief then just as he probably does now and he told me rather reluctantly that nearly every well known publisher had refused to take over the plates and run the chance of bringing out so frank a bit of realism as 'Sister Carrie' was regarded as being at that time. He gave me the book, however, and I 'peddled' it, at last finding one B. W.

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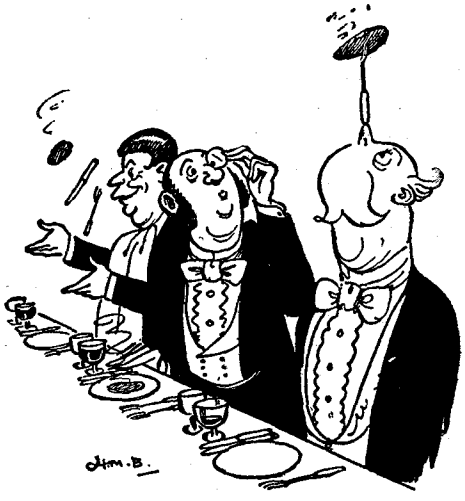
Dodge, now deceased, who had always believed in Dreiser and who was willing to take a chance. Dodge, who had been a traveling salesman for Dodd, Mead and Company, was a red headed, warm hearted derelict, but to him goes the credit for reinstating Dreiser as the biggest realist of our day. As for myself, this was my first achievement and one of which I am naturally very proud. Another picture I have of Dreiser is when he came to my home at Shippan Point for lunch. The first thing he asked for was a rocking chair. I abhor rocking chairs, and refuse to have one in my house, but fortunately there was a porch rocker that Dreiser dragged into the living room and on which he sat and rocked and rocked, folding and unfolding his handkerchief as he told us all his writing was accomplished through the rhythmic movement of a rocker. . . . I often wonder what Dreiser thinks of the world which turned its narrow literary back on poor Carrie, as he sees the sales roll in from 'An American Tragedy' and the theatre crowded at Patrick Kearney's dramatization of his great American novel."

In his book "The Poetry of Nonsense", Emile Cammaerts tells everything that nonsense is not, but lamentably enough does not say in just this many words exactly what nonsense is. Which is especially sad, because I had set my heart on telling you, and the disappointment to me to find that I cannot is very great indeed. Mr. — or possibly M. — Cammaerts is very learned and very instructive, but he has a fault in common with Langford Reed, that of taking his nonsense so seriously that the reader is slightly embarrassed, feeling that while the occasion seems to call for banners and trumpets and, just possibly, a white lily or two, all he can really give is a great chortle of glee. These gentlemen seem to say in effect, "Now this is Nonsense and is a serious matter. Be amused!" I was particularly sorry to find this to be the case in "Further



"Hints for Etiquette" from "Further Nonsense"

Nonsense Verse and Prose", a volume of Lewis Carroll material hitherto unpublished or now out of print and little known, collected by the indefatigable Mr. Reed. There are some amusing things in it, though Mr. Reed's foreword irritated me and some of the material included seemed of very doubtful value. But Carroll's letters to the little girls who were his friends are charming and make up for all shortcomings. A further cause for peevishness is that H. M. Bateman's drawings to illustrate the Carroll book are not at all up to his usual standard.

"With hardly an exception, every other American magazine from 'True Story' to 'The Dial' is in one way or another a modification of 'The Ladies' Home Journal'." Come to think of it, that's an honest bit of advertising.

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It comes from "Beau", a magazine devoted exclusively to the interests and tastes of men, and claiming to be "the first secession from the feminine tradition in American journalism". If rumor is correct, the Man's Magazine is edited by women; certainly nothing could be more fitting. But what interests me is that the male is at last coming into his own. Nothing could be more absurd than the charge that we fellows have subjugated woman through the ages. Woman has always had the silent and virtual power, and she has certainly had the preponderance of the world's attention. We have had to rely on household hints and sofa fiction for our evening's surcease, and we lift our voices in the Te Deum on the appearance of a journal which seeks to court us and us alone. Yet it must not be forgotten that we have developed what might very roughly be called a vicarious taste — having been fed so long on feminine fare — so that it is by no means certain that we really want a truly masculine diet. The editors of "Beau" apparently realize this, for they have not used any pictures of strong men or any hints for motoring, but have of late featured Paul Morand's "Baltic Night, Fashions in Women" and Benjamin Franklin's "Advice to a Young Man on Choosing a Mistress".

"I have always been of the opinion", said Harry Hervey, "that adventurous fiction need not be written illiterately, with a conventional love story, but might even be done as beautifully and intricately as a psychological novel. That is what I am trying to do." Mr. Hervey has loved the East since he first went there at the age of fourteen. He loved it before then, from his reading, so a little boy's dream must have come true. His walls are covered with the gold flowered robes of Indian priests and the chairs are wrapped in lovely Chinese coats of wisteria and green. He lighted an altar on which sat a pretty Indian idol, and the candle light from a jagged iron candlestick glowed against the orange and rust of a wrap hanging above his typewriter on the wall of his study. Our Eyebrowpencil trailed around in a white and scarlet kimona, feeling very exotic, with a Javanese palace of gilded papier mâché balanced precariously on her orange marmalade bob. She saw proofs of Mr. Hervey's first article on the White Jungle, to appear in "McCall's". She saw an advance jacket of "Congai", to be published by the time this note appears. The real story of "Congai", of the beautiful halfcaste who is the heroine, is a strange tale of a strange woman whom Mr. Hervey used to observe in a city in French Indo-China. He is now working on its dramatization, having finished a play called "The Devil Dancer" which Robert Milton will produce. He showed Eyebrowpencil pictures, not of his heroine as you might have imagined, but of the exquisite Jetta Goudal for whom he is now writing a scenario. "Congai", it seems, is too immoral for the movies, for it would never do to have dark blood triumph over white. Mr. Hervey lives with his mother who, aside from the editorial mother who hasn't a grey hair, is the youngest mother imaginable. Mr Hervey, on the other hand, is no greybeard.

Ruth Raphael invited a number of reporters, myself included, to hear Donald Ogden Stewart discourse on marriage. But young Mrs. Stewart was there and so he had to be very careful. "Mrs. Stewart, though, has turned out to be funnier than I am — and it's got to be stopped", he shouted,

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hitting the shaggy Lucy a whack. "That's my profession, and we can have only one humorist in the home." Mrs. Stewart is one of those many reasons why gentlemen prefer blondes. When Don offered me a picture of himself, together with a copy of "Mr. and Mrs. Haddock in Paris", I declined it in favor of one of her. Mrs. Stewart is an author's wife who does not write — at least she says she doesn't — and I presume most of her time is spent in trying to look pleasant at the quips of her quippish husband. I have often wondered what life would be like, if one were married to a humorist. Lucy, their dog, doesn't seem to mind, and sat up for her photograph, which was going into the evening papers, with a bright ear and a perky eye. They plan to live in California, Mrs. Stewart's home state, and to commute from there to New York. Hildegarde Fillmore, the beauty editor of "McCall's", who writes an occasional poem, wonders why there isn't a reunion of the happy people who belong to a certain yeast family. Floyd Dell thinks there must have been such a convention — in the state of California. "You have no idea of what goes on in California", says he. "Anything can happen in that state, and there isn't anything which hasn't happened there." Floyd, looking younger and younger since he started lecturing to women's clubs, steadfastly refuses to publish a volume of his poems. Although he reads and recites poetry vividly and without putting people to sleep, he sees no reason why the shafts of criticism should ruin his pleasure in writing verse. He is amusingly reminiscent when younger people urge him to tell that restless story of his youth. Eyebrowpencil, who does not come in on time in the morning, complained to him of the shackles of office hours. He told her what he did once upon a time when he worked in Chicago. He was always late, until the time came when he knew something would be done about it. Either he would be fired or ordered to get there punctually. So he bought himself a stiff white collar, a black silk stock, and a cane. Thereafter he arrived at the office at noon, spent a few hours lunching with his friends, went back to the office and did some work. He took his chief and the assistant chief across the street for beer and skittles and talk. He charmed them into believing that rules and hours could not touch this grand person he had become. Nothing was ever said about coming in on time. That's Floyd Dell! Eyebrowpencil said she couldn't wear a stock and cane, but she'd try coming in attired in her best peach evening gown. She would say she had to go home to dress after a very busy night in Harlem. She would return in time to lunch with a client. And then it would be time for tea with an author. If you hear no more of her in these pages, you are privileged to draw your own conclusions.

The tall, handsome publisher of "The Story of Philosophy" sat at his desk reading the orders which poured in just before Christmas. "We expect it will have sold 100,000 copies by the first of the year", he said. It is whispered that Dr. Durant is writing something very different; but that is still a secret and the Gossip Shop never gives away secrets, nor does it really gossip. Richard Simon doesn't either, so it was necessary to step into the next office and ask Max Schuster for the scandal concerning his authors. He said that Lella Warren had literally dropped her baby and rushed to New York when she got the news that "A Touch of Earth" was accepted for publication. She lives in Washington and it took her

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five years to write her novel. She says there are only three important things in life — being born, having a first novel accepted, and having a baby. She's done all these things and is now a settled cynic, I presume. But she still looks young, from the drawing of her which adorns the jacket of the book. Her blond hair is cut in a page's bob, and her eyes are wide and grey-blue. Now she is writing for "Cosmopolitan", since Ray Long discovered her and has claimed her to be a rare find. Will Rogers writes Liggett Reynolds (a pseudonym) that he has been using "Sweet and Low" to keep a Pullman window open. He thought it was a ruler when he first unpacked it. "It is by far the highest book, either fiction or humor, on the market today", is his ambiguous praise. There is another book of humor which the readers of "Whoops, dearie" will be happy to hear of. The "girls" are to be in a novel by Peter Arno, the novel to be illustrated of course, and their romances and sprees will be both tender and raucous. A humorist better known as a bridge champion astonishes the solemn philosophers and poets of his publishers by pulling cards out of their ears. Mr. Lenz was a great friend of Houdini's. I have always suspected there was magic in bridge — the newest form is contract bridge — because I could never win and there are people who always go away from a party with nothing less than the booby prize.

"New York, Not So Little and Not So Old" by Sarah M. Lockwood is not so much a book for New Yorkers as I had hoped it would be. It gives too much attention to standard places of interest and is written principally for visitors and longing villagers. Yet, on second thought, I suppose this is as it should be. I forget the exact details, but Stuart Sherman once said that Don Marquis was a native New Yorker, which meant that he was born in Illinois, six miles from F. P. A. I am persuaded that the most conscientious New Yorkers are, as parvenus, most doubtful about their inveterateness. So it is only fitting that, with the present population made up of outsiders and

From "New York, Not So Little and Not So Old"

with the growing American interest in New York, this book should be devoted chiefly to the interests of those who come to visit or want to come to live here. Among these persons the standard sights are not in such ill repute as they are among oldtimers who have lived here six months. I knew a visiting high school teacher last summer who told me with great enthusiasm that he could teach history infinitely better since having seen the Statue of Liberty in the original. After all, we could hardly wish the esoteric knowledge of New York to be strewn carelessly about the country. Mrs. Lockwood has achieved her designs quite competently. She gives much space to the history of

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the city, and I am not sure but that many of those who are too good to look at Grant's tomb would profit immensely by studying her story of how the city got to be what it is. The volume is well and simply illustrated by Ilonka Karasz. As for me and my house, we are almost persuaded to go to Cincinnati since having seen "Streets and Spires of Cincinnati", containing prints from the etchings of E. T. Hurley, who is known in Cincinnati journalese as the etcher laureate of that town. He has managed, I think, not only to do skilful work with remarkably delicate lines, but he has also caught the spirit of his bailiwick and drawn it into that same fine relief that his pictures have. I fear that, at times, his work is too clean, too much like an architect's design; often his pictures lack life and dirt. This is true, however, only when he does the standard points of interest; in the case of the Findlay Street Market, or a rainy day on Fourth Street, or the bend of the river from Elmhurst Place, there are ideas and there is life in abundance.

Alice McCollister's on West Eighth Street rang with the jollity which surrounds Anice Page Cooper wherever she is. She had come in from Garden City to attend the first night of "The Constant Nymph", to which she was going with a party of Doubleday, Page authors. Not even Alexander Woollcott can keep me from seeing it if it ever becomes possible to get a seat. Both Helen Chandler and Flora Sheffield are favorites of mine, and the book will always be a hive of humanity in my mind. The play couldn't hurt the Sanger family, and there must be gaiety in it. Margaret Kennedy's next novel is very different, they say. Stephen Graham reports seeing her at the P. E. N. Club fancy dress ball in London, where she appeared as one of the "Little Women". I think she is a Tessa rather than an Antonia. Mahlon Blaine, who has done such cruel and sinister drawings for a new edition of "Limehouse Nights", is apparently blazing his way through New York, hair flying, coat flapping. He is a sailor, or was a sailor, and consequently has no respect for a mere tablecloth. Miss Cooper and her apartment companion — another jolly tar who showed some of the splashy jackets she says all publishers demand these days and who, I cannot refrain from stating, wears her Peter Pan hat well — report that when he called on them he drew pirates all over the linen, fierce ones done in red, green, and black ink. Edna Ferber and George S. Kaufman are working on a play, A. P. C. says, with no title, so I do not know whether or not it is a dramatization of one of Miss Ferber's stories. "Gigolo" in the pictures, by the way, is excellent, if only for the acting of Rod LaRoque, a young man with brains, a strong body, a sensitive temperament — an actor. The last half of the picture concerning his war experience and postwar degradation is as fine as anything I have ever seen on the screen. He is now cast for the film version of Tolstoy's "Resurrection". Christopher Morley is busily at work on a new novel which he says is very stark and very Russian, but I don't believe it. How could the author of "Songs for a Little House" write like Tolstoy?

At a long table in the Hotel Brevoort, a few days before Christmas, a petite, grey haired woman of perhaps seventy years sat surrounded by one of the most sophisticated groups in New York. She was Lizette Woodworth Reese, premier poetess of America (and one of the last of a generation which used the word "poetess"), and

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they were the poets. Perhaps no other occasion could have brought these notables together. Writers as different as Laurence Stallings and Edwin Markham, representing different schools, different modernisms, different sides of some very hotly contested views on their art, were present. Miss Reese represents only the fine tradition of American poetry. There one saw William Rose Benét and Elinor Wylie, Dr. Canby and Robert Frost with Mrs. Frost and Wilbert Snow; Harry Hansen, Burton Rascoe, the Heywards, Pierre Loving, Sara Teasdale, Charles Hanson Towne, Marguerite Wilkinson, and Margaret Widdemer. Because Miss Reese published her first volume in 1887, she called these shining sophisticates her "boys and girls". One or two of the taller men were greeted with a kiss on the cheek. She gave them occasional words of advice, to which they listened with more than respectful interest. She told Hervey Allen, biographer of Poe, that he was all wrong about Longfellow. Unquestionably she dominated them. Perhaps it was her diminutive size and her graciousness and her air of pride in her brave but unruly children. She said that when a neighbor told her that Dickens was dead she went on to school repeating to herself, with a great sense of personal loss: "Dickens is dead. Dickens is dead." And she now wonders if she would be affected in the same way about any of our current novelists. I think not, for Miss Reese whispered to me that many of them she would be glad to see hanged. I can think of a few myself. This statement should please the young lady who writes me the following letter:

DEAR MR. GOSSIP SHOP:

Don't you ever meet any disagreeable writers and authors? You write so continuously of meeting celebrities, always the ladies so impeccably gowned in velvet frocks and smiles, and men, so noble and so courteous. I hope some day you meet a nice, irascible chap who writes and has no charming qualities and some peevish lady who wears, perhaps, ordinary jersey suits and still is an authoress. And that you tell us about it. That would be news. I should enjoy, for a change, a petulant Carlyle or a disheveled Whitman. Or have we none?

Yours for less pleasantness,
N. K. J.

Another contest! The Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia has decided to offer $2,000 in cash for original play manuscripts suitable for amateurs. The first prize is $1,000, the second $500, and so on down to three last prizes of $50 each. "The plots should be strong enough to hold the attention of an audience with only indifferent acting." Certainly this is no unique requirement. "They must be free from any objectionable features whatever." How, then, will they hold the attention of an audience? I suppose I should not quarrel with a competitive literary system, but I know that upon hearing of this contest a great many persons who never think of drama or who would never have written a play on their own initiative will sit down and spend two or three evenings at the task of making a prize winner. And the technique of most of these persons will not go beyond what they have acquired in playing charades. But most healthy Americans need some tangible monetary reward to call out their talents and mobilize their energies. We must remember that Edward Bok stimulated our interest in world peace by his offer of $100,000, and he showed a keen knowledge of our psychology when he hit upon the scheme of award. But are we any better off, and is our peace literature much richer? Where is the international lawyer who knows offhand what the Bok Peace Plan is?

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About seven years ago someone introduced me to Benny Potts and the other Pottses, and ever since they have been my greatly valued friends. Lee Pape, the creator of Little Benny, has for those seven years, and heaven knows how many more, been presenting the Potts family through the medium of the Chicago "Daily News" and its syndications. And now comes Little Benny in book form, very grandly got up with an introduction by Don Herold and illustrations by that prince of fun makers and sympathetic illustrators, Herb Roth. But no amount of splurge can spoil the essential simplicity and genuineness of Little Benny and his pop, of Skinny Martin and Glasses Magee and Sam Cross and Shorty Judge and the rest of the gang. Because he has said so well what ought to be said, let me quote from Don Herold's introduction: "Lee Pape has done better than anybody else (I believe) the job of catching the protoplasmic meanderings of the runny, unjellied, unevolutionized, uncivilized human child brain. He knows its squirming, its hedging, its scheming, its sweetness. . . . One big thing about Benny is that he is not only the chromo of a boy — he is a panorama of a family, of a gang, of a street, of a whole neighborhood." "Little Benny's Book" is in the form of a diary, and although it is impossible for me to catch and set down for you on this very chilly piece of paper the humanity, the warmth, and the glow which are spread over every page of it, I am going to risk a few quotations from his "Sattiday News". Risk, I say, because isolated as they will be here, they may strike very coldly on the unfamilar eye. I only wish I had space to quote in full one of Benny's plays — "The Three Clouds" or "The Fall of Rome". On second thoughts I shall not quote at all. I fear that if I start I shall not be able to stop, and that would be rather hard on the rest of the Shop. Particularly as I want to mention, before someone departs permanently with our only copy, "A Rude Book", verses and caricatures concocted by an English artist who signs himself "Tell". The jacket cover alone is so daringly impolite that I have been forced on several occasions to rescue the volume from the clutches of those who were charmed by the book's exterior into carrying it off for further inspection. The following "Design for a National Memorial in the Modern Manner to the Glory of the Sitwell Trinity" is typical of the contents:

Three minds with but a single thought,
Three hearts that beat as one:
They turned the Muses upside down
And spanked them just for fun.
— *From "A Rude Book"*

Under the name of "The Pleiad" a number of volumes designed for the solvent book collectors are being issued

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in England and America, chosen "with the double motive of literary interest and typographic opportunity". The text of the first Pleiad book is an English translation of one of Plato's Socratic Dialogues, "Crito". To insure variety with excellence, the various members of "The Pleiad" are to be printed at different presses on the continent of Europe — thus securing a wider range of style and choice of type than any one press, however rich in resources, could offer. No more than four books will appear in one year. The "Crito" has been printed at the Officina Bodoni at Montagnola di Lugano, Switzerland. Later there will appear, following a rare second edition published in 1798, the "Memoirs of the Author of A Vindication of the Rights of Women", by William Godwin, transcribed with an introduction by John Middleton Murry. Which suggests that titles have improved along with printing, though with all our improvement we shall soon be hard put to find titles that possess any degree of distinction or serve to identify. I should not be surprised to find our writers some day adopting the methods of naming radio stations. Then we shall have "WRZ" by George Jean Nathan, Jr. The number of possible combinations derivable from the alphabet is astonishing, and this method might well solve our difficulty. I insist that titles have improved since the printing of "A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions", but with the movies and the magazines needing arresting captions for everything they turn out, why — well, I saw a cinema entitled "Eve's Leaves" the other evening. There may be better solutions than the radio plan. There is, for example, the bantering or conversational title. One author says, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes", and Colin Clements comes back with, "They Do Not". I may say that I regard the illustrations and jacket of this latter book as its greatest claims to distinction, but the book can stand on its own toes. The illustrations are by Jacob Bates Abbott, and I quote from the fabulous reviews the publishers have written for the jacket: "Aychell Maynking, 'This cheery volume satiated me with wholesome and tumultuous merriment.'" "Ieduth Warton, 'I have just read a book (name not mentioned, she might mean this) that seems to be the great American novel at last.' (Publisher's Note. God forbid!)." "Chosef Hergushyma, 'As funny as it is able, but no more so.'" If all books with bantering titles prove as entertaining as "They Do Not", this manner of christening may be our means of escape.

"The Free-Lance Writer's Handbook", which has appeared hitherto under the title of a year book, comes tumbling from the press as comprehensive as Hastings's Bible Dictionary or the Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopædia. I do not know of any question with which a young writer, or an old one, plagues the editor that it does not answer satisfactorily. It is unfortunate that the volume costs five dollars, for it might well be mailed out by writers and editors in answer to requests for interviews or invitations to dinner. Here the great esoteric world of writing is thoroughly revealed. The first part of the book is given over to a survey of opportunities as conducted by the forty critics, writers, and editors who contribute their experiences. The second part contains an enumeration of the special editorial needs of over 1,200 magazines, publishers, producers, and syndicates.

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